THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1821. THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER FOR HALF A CENTURY. 1872.

Vol. LI. H. PETERSON & CO., No. 319 Walnut Street. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1872. TERMS {$2.00 a Year; or, $2.50 if paid in Advance. Single Number, 6 Cents.} No. 45.

JUNE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CLIO STANLEY.

How my heart leaps up to-day
At the sight of buds and bells
Blossoming in ferny dells;
At the sight of upland swells
Blue with bluest violets
Sprinkled with the gold of June!
Listen how the sluggard tunes
Of cheery comfort at the noon
Of such sweet day! O, not too soon
Art thou come, bright, laughing June!
Not too soon the echoes wake
Down the hillside, by the lake;
Songs sung by the merry birds,
Distant lowing of the herds
That trample down the grasses green,
With daintier clover in between.
Lo! the old world groweth young—
And the bridal wreath is flung
O'er her forehead, for the May
Strews the footsteps of the hours
With a sunny rain of flowers,
While beneath a mellow moon
Earth is won to laughing June!

PEMBERTON;

OR,

One Hundred Years Ago.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY HENRY PETERSON.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by Henry Peterson, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

PART THIRD.

WEST POINT IN 1780.

This is from a print published in the New York Magazine for 1790—and for which we are indebted to "Lossing's Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution." It is taken from Constitution Island, and looks down the river. On the left is seen a portion of old Fort Constitution. The great chain, 450 yards in length, is seen stretched across the river, immediately below Fort Clinton, the structure on the high point. Fort Putnam lay farther inland, and is not seen.

CHAPTER V.

"We are such stuff
As dreams are made of."
—*Shakespeare.*

Drawing off his heavy military boots, and divesting himself of his surtout and his coat, André was prepared for his night's slumbers. But before extinguishing the tallow-candle with which their host had provided them, André turned his back to his companion, and drew out a little miniature from where it hung, attached to a blue ribbon, beneath the linen of his bosom. It was a very striking likeness of Helen Graham, painted from memory by his own hand. Such had been the excitement and deep interest of the last twenty-four hours, that, devoted lover as he was, he had not even thought of his beautiful mistress, much less looked upon her likeness. The important negotiation intrusted to him, his embarrassing personal position, involving not only his own safety but that of others, and the success or failure of a deeply-planned scheme, pregnant with momentous results, had banished all softer thoughts from his mind. But now, nothing was necessary to be thought or done for his General and his King, and the power of habit asserted itself—first, his brief but earnest prayers; then a glance at the pictured face of his betrothed.

André thought that he slept the sounder and sweeter for both these things—and that if he dreamed, he was more certain to be transported in imagination to the side of his lady, to hear the rich music of her voice, to be thrilled by the tender glances of her brilliant and beautiful eyes. Doubtless it usually was so. But the charm this night did not work—seemed overpowered by some baleful and malignant influence.

He lay for some time wakeful and watchful. It appeared impossible for him to compose his mind so that he could sleep. And when at last his senses settled into unconsciousness, his thoughts still heaved and surged like the waves after, or before, a terrible storm.

And then at last he dreamed—the dream of his life! For the third time—that dream which he had related at the pleasant dinner-table of Mrs. Pemberton, the evening of the adventure on the Wissahicon. He was riding—alone. He came to the brow of a gentle declivity. All around seemed familiar to him. He rode on. There was the gigantic Poplar, with its immense branches, gnarled and twisted, descending at places to the earth, and then rising again. Suddenly a man in British uniform stepped forth—with presented musket. "Halt!"

The loudness of this command seemed to waken him. "It is curious," thought he. "That old dream. The third time. Well, I am glad the fellow was in British uniform," with a smile, as he composed himself once more to slumber.

Again he dreamed. This time it was different—but more fearful. It was the Sibyl's prediction—but clothed apparently with the reality of life. Acted out bodily and mentally—not to be distinguished for the time from reality—all palpable, painful, tumultuous, terrible! There was the gallows. There he stood—felt himself to be standing. He mounted the wagon, his hands were bound, the noose was placed around his neck. He awoke with a cry of horror, that roused his slumbering companion.

"What's the matter, Captain?"

"I beg your pardon. I had a horrible nightmare, and cried out."

"Oh, that's all," said Mr. Smith, turning over, and settling himself to his slumbers.

André wiped the cold sweat from his brow. "I know not what is the matter with me to-night," thought he. "That was a fearful dream—that Witch's horrible scene over again. It may mean nothing—probably does mean nothing. But—whatever it means—it cannot mean anything that I, an officer and a gentleman, cannot meet bravely and firmly endure. Especially if Westminster Abbey come after all"—and he smiled a proud smile.

Still no settled, peaceful slumber. All wild, heaving, tumultuous—though nothing farther shaped and definite. With the first faint dawn of morning André wakened, and was eager to leave his bed, and go out into the cheerful day.

CHAPTER VI.

"Our glories float between the earth and heaven,
Like clouds which seem pavilions of the sun,
And are the playthings of the casual wind."
—*Richelieu.*

As André opened the front door of the farm-house, and stepped out into the porch before it, the first faint amber light of morning was beginning to illuminate the perfectly clear horizon. Glorious in the East, above the dawn, still shone the Morning Star—Lucifer the Magnificent! And as the British officer stood and watched the gradual coming of the day, he felt—poet and artist as he was—that fervor of admiration, which almost has a tinge of remorse at its own inadequacy fully to realize or express the mingled sublimity and beauty which it beholds. It is the homage which the Finite pays to the Infinite. That deep feeling of "I cannot paint thee, cannot even express, or fully understand thee! I see thou art sublimely beautiful—but I mourn that I cannot contain thee! And now thou art passing from my view—and if thou didst not thus pass, thou wouldst become as common and tame to me as common day, with all its wondrous beauty, variety, and grandeur. Thus the Infinite which I cannot grasp, grows Finite to me with use and custom. Therefore pass away, oh glorious sunrise—pass away, with thy amber and green and blue and crimson and gold—lest thou, too, become to me prosaic and commonplace!"

Thus thought André, as so many poetical minds had thought before him, since first the day-spring lighted up the East, since first the day-death faded in glory in the West. Thought, also, of how the sun goes rolling on, attended by those two triumphal arches of sunrise and sunset—never failing him for a moment, only shifting their places of abode; the constant attendants and evidences of his glory, the splendidly attired heralds that announce the coming and proclaim the departure of the sovereign Lord of Earth.

And as André stood there in the early freshness of the morning, the cool breezes seemed also to blow through his brain, and dispel the gloomy visions of the night. The weight which had seemed to be resting upon his mind when he had awakened, had already passed away, and even the memory of it seemed obscure and faded. It is curious what slaves we are to darkness and the night. The fear that appals at midnight—which causes the heart to sink and the pulse to throb—loses its terror in the clear, full light of morning. Why is it that darkness, and even candle-light, make such cowards of us all?

Rousing their negro attendant, André directed him to saddle the horses; and the moment Mr. Smith came down they mounted, and were soon, as they deemed, entirely out of reach of the American patrols. This fact, combined with the fineness of the day, and the exhilaration of riding, made André feel like another man. Such was his exuberance of spirits that it overflowed even toward Mr. Smith, who ever afterwards declared that he had never met with a more delightful companion—so full of pleasant conversation was he; while the charm of his mere presence was a constant delight.

They were now in the Neutral Ground, and the grass-grown and deserted roads, the gates torn from their hinges, the crops that frequently lay ungathered and rotten, and the absence both of men and cattle from the fields, all united in proclaiming the hapless condition to which the war had reduced the garden county of Westchester. For who would till when he knew that in all probability the fruits of his toil would be wrested from him? But although these evidences of the ravine of man could deface, they could not destroy the beauty of the landscape. For the woods were in the first flush of Autumn, and the country through which they passed picturesque beyond description. From every eminence André gazed with fresh delight upon the glorious hills of the Highlands, looking harmonious and mystical in their misty robes of blue, and thought, these truly are the Delectable mountains. Gazing at them he forgot for the time his disguise, the perils of his position, the great war which convulsed the land, and thought only of the glory of this wonderful earth, so passing all description.

But he was suddenly recalled to sublunary things, by seeing another traveller approaching. This horseman wore a cloak, so that it was difficult to decide whether he was or was not a civilian; but, as he came near, André saw at a glance that the face of the traveller was familiar to him. So he resolutely kept his head turned to one side, until the stranger was nearly abreast of them; and, as they passed each other, wiped his eyes with his handkerchief, thus almost concealing his face from view. The horseman gazed earnestly at him, but passed on with a brief salutation and without apparent recognition. André drew a deep breath. He saw that it was Lieutenant Morris—but whether the latter had recognized him also, he could not certainly know, though he felt tolerably confident from the Lieutenant's manner that he had not.

After riding a few miles further, Mr. Smith proposed that they should halt at a wayside cottage which they were approaching, and see if they could not get their horses fed, as well as some breakfast for themselves. Its mistress agreed to supply their wants, though she told them with a sad countenance that she had been visited during the night by a party of marauders—"either Skinners or Cow-boys," she knew not which—and plundered of all she possessed, save some corn-meal and hay, and a single cow. With the meal however she soon prepared them a dish of that new world porridge, which she called *soupaan*, but which the Pennsylvanians call mush, and the New Englanders hasty-pudding; and which when eaten with milk or with molasses, or as a certain distinguished personage prefers it, with both—is one of the most nutritious, wholesome and pleasant dishes for a hungry man that the wide world affords.

André and his companion ate it with that hearty relish which a ride in the brisk morning air is apt to create. It was an old acquaintance of André's, for he had often eaten it when a prisoner at Lancaster among he Pennsylvania Dutch.

At the conclusion of their repast, Mr. Smith announced to the English officer his intention of letting him take the rest of his way alone. He had agreed with General Arnold, if they went by land, to see André safely to White Plains. But, for some reason or other—perhaps because he thought it useless, perhaps because he wished to be rid of the company of a man who was evidently far other than he seemed—he did not perform his promise. If he had—what might not have been the result? André might have gone safely under Smith's guidance, for they almost certainly would have taken the direct road to White Plains—or, if they had not, would probably have gone unchallenged, for Smith was personally known through all that part of the country.

But Smith did as he did. Was it merely chance? Is there any such thing as chance in the course of great events—even if there be in the course of small ones? Who can answer?

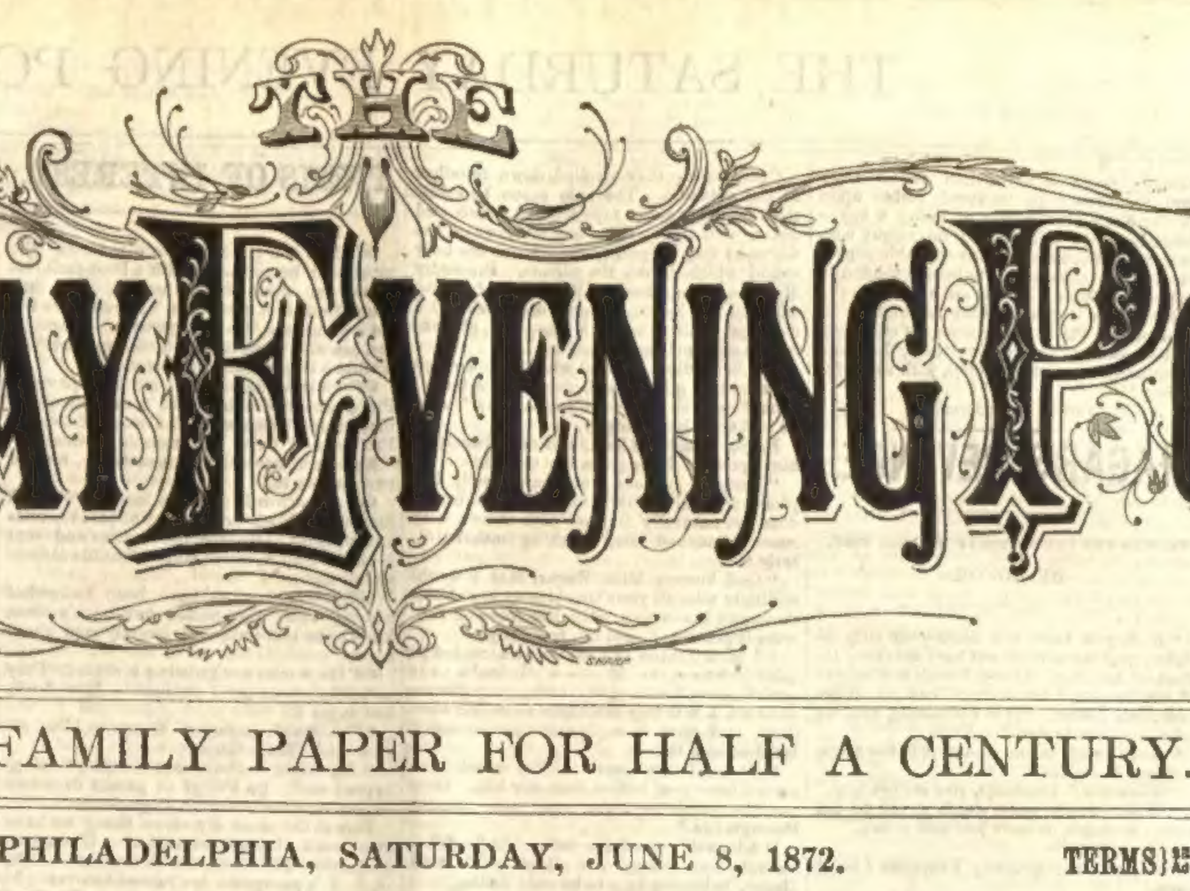
If it was not in the order of Providence that this plot should succeed, why was it not nipped at an earlier stage? A mere shadow of suspicion thrown across the mind of Washington, the result of some casual conversation with Green or Lafayette—both of whom disliked Arnold, and who had themselves the warmest confidence of their Chief—and the command of West Point would have been entrusted to another, while Arnold would have disappeared from the further scenes of the war.

Or, if the plot was to be allowed to come to a head, and have its open failure and its victim, why was the guilty Arnold allowed to escape almost so miraculously, and the comparatively innocent André be caught in the toils, and offered up as a scapegoat to the vengeance of a justly incensed army and people?

If Providence did not interfere, how was it that the plot was so curiously and marvellously brought to nought? If Providence did interfere, why was it that the toils were drawn around André, the gentle and generous and accomplished—the poet and the artist—while Arnold, who betrayed the trust of his Commander, the confidence of his friend and benefactor, and the cause of which he had been one of the most determined champions, was allowed to brush aside the net which was rapidly closing around him, make his escape to the enemy, and afterwards dare with impunity all the hazards of active war?

We can ask, but we cannot answer these questions. They lie among the insoluble facts of life and history. Our intuitions cry out against the supposition that Chance and not an Overruling Power directs the issue of great events; but why that Power seems to act at some times, and not at others—and often apparently in a manner so inconsistent with itself—baffles our best reason and judgment to decide.

But we anticipate. And why not? Nature anticipates. Before the bursting of the storm, you hear the sad wailing of the wind. Before the earthquake, you feel the shudder of the anguished globe. And as we approach the saddest scene of our story, the wind seems to wail and the earth to shudder with an anguish that rolls down the years, through the long course of almost a century.



We can readily imagine how our young belles of the fashionable avenues and squares would start with horror at being asked to proceed to a ball in the style represented by our illustration.

Mrs. Mason, whose husband held a diplomatic position in Cairo in 1860, gives a graphic account of the manner in which she and a party of friends proceeded to a grand ball given by the Viceroy in honor of the arrival of some Turkish dignitary. But, with such a spirited engraving as we present to our fair readers, description is perfectly unnecessary. We can only ejaculate with Betsy Trotwood, "Only fancy, Janet, donkeys riding on donkeys to a ball."

CHAPTER VII.

So fall my visioned splendors to the earth!
And all our schemes, so grand and absolute,
Melt like a bubble, touched by a child's hand.
Out upon Life—we are the jest and sport
Of every breeze that blows!

Before parting after breakfast, Mr. Smith explained particularly to the British officer the route he should take; though it seemed impossible, as he said, to go astray, so long as he kept in a southerly direction. After crossing the Croton river, a mile or so distant, he could either keep on due south to White Plains, or take the road which bore off towards the West, and which would soon bring him to the river road, which ran down to New York along the Hudson.

"I shall take the latter then," said André at once.

"Perhaps it is the best for you, Mr. Anderson, though if I were going, I should take the other. You may meet Cow-boys along that route."

"And Skinners on the other. Of the two I prefer to meet the Cow-boys."

"Neither are very desirable acquaintances," replied Mr. Smith laughing; "but of the two, perhaps the Cow-boys would treat you best. Of course, if you do meet the Skinners, you had better show your pass. The Cow-boys, I am afraid, would think rather less of you for showing it."

"I think you counsel wisely."

"I believe I have now given you all the necessary directions. I wish you a safe and pleasant journey, Mr. Anderson. Remember me to my brother, the Chief Justice, when you meet him in New York."

"I will, certainly. And I wish you also a safe and pleasant trip home again, Mr. Smith. Tell the General when you see him, that you left me nearly through, and all safe."

And they parted. Mr. Smith and his servant returning the way they came; not recrossing the river however, but keeping straight on to Arnold's head-quarters.

André rode south, crossed the Croton, and then took the turn which led to the river. An hour or so and he was on the river road. It was a beautiful ride—hills, valleys, and continual glimpses of the Hudson on his right—and yet his mood had changed, he knew not why, and he felt uneasy and disquieted. He had entered under the cloud; but he knew it not.

As he rode on and on, the gloomy visions of the previous night seemed to gather within him. All without was sunshine, save where dense woods and deep ravines made a darkness as of twilight; but his heart was heavy, and his mind was covered as with a funeral pall. Suddenly he pulled up his horse on the top of a stony hill, and looked around him and before him.

The scene was strangely familiar. He seemed to recognize every surrounding object—even to a huge moss-grown rock, with a young sapling apparently splitting it asunder. He touched his horse with the whip, and slowly descended the hill, gazing intently about him. It came to him with the rapidity and intensity of lightning; it was the scene of his three dreams. For a moment he felt so unnerved that he feared he should tumble from his horse.

Then he drew in his breath and summoned up his courage, as is the way with a man not only physically but spiritually brave. The feet of his horse were now clattering on the logs of the little bridge that lay across the stream, in the depths of the ravine. And before him, on the right of the road, was the immense Poplar tree, which he now saw for the fourth time, with its huge contorted branches.

"Now for the soldier with his levelled musket," was his sudden thought; and, at the moment, a man sprang into the road before him, and with his gun pointed at his breast, cried sternly—

"Halt!"

The well-known military attire and word recalled the British officer to himself.

He pulled up his horse, and took a rapid glance at the man, whom he now saw was not alone, but had two comrades. He was a tall, lusty fellow, and wore a faded British uniform. It was evident he was either a British soldier or a Cow-boy.

"My boys," said André, "you must not delay me. I see you belong to our party."

"Which party?" asked the one who wore the uniform, and was evidently the master-spirit, and whose name was Paulding.

"Why, the lower party, the loyal party, of course."

"You look as if you belonged to our party, by the direction you come from," said Paulding, with an oath.

"I do, nevertheless, my boys. I am a British officer, on urgent business; and if you are true friends of the royal cause, you will not delay me."

"I say, Paulding," cried another of the men, "he looks like a British officer, in them ere riggings, does n't he? Officers generally wear regimentals where I come from."

The three laughed jeeringly.

"To prove to you I am what I say, look at this watch," said André, producing a gold repeater. "The gentlemen up in this part of the country do not usually carry gold watches, do they?"

"And even if you were a British officer," exclaimed Paulding, "blamed little we'd care. We belong to the other side, Mr. Officer."

André's heart gave a great leap. Had he committed himself too soon? This man, like himself, might be in disguise. Then he laughed lightly.

"All's fair in war, my boys," said he. "A man must do anything to get along. The truth is, I am travelling on public business by General Arnold's directions: I'd have shown you my pass at first, but for that dirty red-coat. You'll see this is all right," and he handed them the pass from General Arnold.

"What's the blamed thing say, Paulding?"

"It's d—d bad writing—as most writing is," replied Paulding, investigating the pass with as much intentness as if it had been written in Chinese or Hindoo—"but I make out it says 'Pass' and 'White Plains, and 'B. Arnold' at the tail of it—but whether this is the gentleman that the General orders us to pass, the Lord only knows, I don't."

"I believe he's a rascally trader, with lots of money, going down to New York to buy and smuggle out dry goods and groceries," said the one of the party who had not spoken, and who was named Van Wart.

"Yes, probably one of them fellers that makes us poor country folks pay ten prices for our rum and sugar," chimed in Williams.

"Let's search him," exclaimed Paulding, "and find out what he is. If he's one of of them blasted speculators, he has plenty of money somewheres about him."

"Yes, I say search him—we'll find something that'll tell whether he's an officer or a speckilator," cried Williams.

"Hands off there!" exclaimed André indignantly, wresting himself from the rough hands that Williams had laid upon him. "How do you dare attempt such a thing in the face of this pass? If you attempt it, I warn you you'll have to answer to General Arnold, who is not a man to be trifled with."

"D—n General Arnold!" cried Paulding. "The law of the Neutral Ground is the law of the strongest."

"I shouldn't wonder," said Van Wart, "if General Arnold was concerned with this feller—he's always up to some speckilation or other to make money. A friend of mine who came from Philadelphy, told me he was all the time at it down there, until the people hated him like pisen."

"Well," said Paulding, "if he is one of Arnold's cronies, we'll take a share too. It's not fair the General should be making all the money. The law of New York says that any good Whig may capture and confiscate all supplies intended for the enemy; and if this gentleman is going to New York with a lot of money, it is our duty as good Whigs to confiscate it, and put it to better uses. Isn't that so, boys?"

Van Wart and Williams swore with many an oath that that was good law—not only Neutral Ground law, but good law anywhere.

"Now, sir," continued Paulding, addressing André, "we give you your choice. You may either come out of the road, and into the bushes with us, and allow yourself to be peaceably searched—or you may make a row, and force us to do it by main strength. It don't make much matter to us which you do—there are three of us, and either of us as strong as you are—but it may make a good deal of difference to you."

"Supposing you do not find that large sum of money, will you be satisfied, and let me go on my way?"

"Well, yes,—I think we may say yes, boys," replied Paulding.

"It is a bargain, then," said André, somewhat relieved. "Here is my purse, containing a few sovereigns, and here are my two watches"—for in accordance with a common custom of the fine gentlemen of the time, André then wore two watches, a gold and a silver one—"these are all the valuables you will find upon me."

The whole party then moved off from the road, to a spot under the gigantic Tulip Tree, where some bushes and the low bending branches of the tree concealed them from the view of any traveller who should pass by.

As André took off his coat and vest, he handed them to his captors for examination.

They found nothing—though they felt the garments very carefully all over, to ascertain whether anything was concealed between the cloth and the lining—even ripping the lining open at several places.

"What is this?" said Van Wart, giving a pull at the ribbon to which the miniature of Helen was attached.

André pulled out the miniature. "My boys, I ask as a special favor, that I be allowed to retain this. It would not be of much value to you; it is of the greatest value to me."

A smile passed over the faces of his captors—but they examined the miniature with no small degree of interest.

"A d—d beautiful lady that, Mister!" exclaimed Paulding. "Boys, we won't touch that. We've got sisters and sweethearts ourselves—and be she sister or sweetheart, and it's none of our business which she is—we don't confiscate things of that sort."

"No—he'd have to be a blamed mean man that 'd take that from you," cried Williams.

"Thank you!" said André, while his face lighted up. "May both sisters and sweethearts smile on you for this!"

After this little incident, there was a touch of softness in the language and manners of his captors, that they had not manifested before. But they resolutely went on with their search.

Still, they found nothing. At last they came to his boots. "Sit down, sir, on that stump—we must pull off your boots now," said Paulding.

"My boys, you might as well have believed me at first. I have got no more money about me. There is no money in my boots—how could I carry money there?"

"We mean to be sure of it," replied Paulding. "While you are talking, we could see for ourselves."

The boots were drawn off; Van Wart put his hands down as far as he could, but could feel nothing. "I should like to have a pair of boots like those," said he, admiringly.

"What would you do with them, Van?" cried Paulding, with a laugh; "wear them on your hands, or give them to Betsy, to see if she could get them on?"

They all glanced down at their huge cowhide shoes with a loud laugh. The boots were so small that they absolutely were not worth stealing; though a good pair of boots was a very precious article among the country people of that day.

"Try his stockings," said Williams.

Paulding knelt down and passed his hand around his feet.

"By the Lord—here it is!" exclaimed he, feeling a package under the sole of one of André's feet.

"I knew we'd find it!" cried Van Wart, excitedly. "Bank of England notes, I'll bet!"

"My boys," said André, while his face blanched, "you are mistaken. That is not money. It is simply some private correspondence of mine."

"Oh, get out!" cried Williams—feeling under the other foot. "Here's some more, boys. I'll warrant this 'll pay better than even those cattle dealers we were watching for."

André knew it was useless to say more.

Paulding soon had the papers in his hand, "No money, after all!" said he blankly.

"No money!" repeated the others disconsolately.

"I told you so, my boys," said André. "You will oblige me by handing those papers back to me."

Paulding was engaged however in slowly spelling out to himself the contents of one of the papers.

"This seems to be all about West Point," said he, evidently puzzled. "Fort Putnam—stone—wan-ting great re-pairs—wall on east side broke down! Good God, boys, he's a spy!"

"A spy!" cried both the others excitedly—and gazing on André as if they expected to see something very unusual manifest itself in his appearance.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed André, putting on a brave face, though he felt in all its awful intensity, the peril of his situation. "I told you that I was on the public business, under General Arnold's orders. You said I was not—and that I had lots of money for speculating with. You wished to search me, and agreed if you did not find the money, to let me go without further trouble. It has all come out just as I said. Now I ask you to do as you promised."

"Yes," said Paulding, "and so we would, if we hadn't found those papers."

"What difference does that make?"

"See here, Mister,—we 're poor men. We live here on this Neutral Ground. There's no use working—our crops are all trodden down or stolen. Everything we had to live on, has been taken from us. We must live. It's no great harm to pluck a Tory, 'specially if he's just been taking cattle down to New York. The law says we may confiscate the cattle if we can catch them, and we'd just as lieve confiscate the hard money after the cattle's sold. But, you see, we are good, true Whigs with it all—and if you are a spy, and it looks confoundedly like it, we're not going to let you get off to New York with all that about West Point in your stockings."

"No—that's a horse of another color," cried Van Wart.

"And a durned black color at that!" exclaimed Williams.

"And so you are such good Whigs, that though I show you the pass of your own General, ordering you to let me go on to White Plains, because I am on public business by his direction, you choose to think you know better than he does, and interfere with his wise plans."

"Let's see that pass again," said Paulding.

André had resumed his attire, and now took the pass from his waistcoat pocket, and handed it to him.

After spelling at it for a while, Paulding said—"This pass says, 'Permit Mr. John Anderson to pass.' How do we know you're Mr. Anderson?"

"Because I have the pass."

"You said at first you were a British officer."

"I thought you were Cow-boys then—that red coat misled me."

"Blast the coat. But when I was a prisoner the other day down in New York, I made the exchange in order to get off. It's the second time I've been in that stinking, lousy jail of theirs. They can put me in, but they can't keep me—curse them!"

"Yes, and when he said he was an officer, he seemed in good, hearty earnest too," said Williams to Paulding.

"Well, sir," continued Paulding, "I'm sorry if you're one of General Arnold's men—but you'll have to go with us to Colonel Jameson at North Castle. If he says you're all right, it won't delay you very long; and if he says you're a spy, why you'll have to hang, that's all. And I should be confoundedly sorry for the last, even if you're not a very old acquaintance."

"But my business is of such an important character, that it will not admit of even a couple of hours' longer delay," said André earnestly. "You have already seriously incommoded me."

"Can't help it!" replied Paulding resolutely; "you've got to go. So get on your horse."

"What will you take to let me alone, and molest me no further? I had better pay you something, than allow the public business to suffer."

"What will you give?" asked Van Wart.

"I'll give you a hundred guineas."

"We won't do it," said Williams.

"I'll give you five hundred guineas."

"How can you? You say you have no money."

"You can accompany me to King's Bridge, and I will stay there with you until I can send into the city for the money."

"Yes," said Van Wart, "and do as that other officer did the other day. He paid the money, and then had the fellers sent to the Sugar House Jail and flogged. This was giving them a devilish sight more than they'd bargained for."

"It will not do," cried Paulding sternly. "You must go to North Castle."

"I will give you a thousand golden guineas," cried André despairingly; "and pledge you my honor as a gentleman, that you shall leave King's Bridge unharmed and unmolested."

They were poor men—and the sum seemed an immense one in their eyes. They hesitated—it was evident the temptation was a very strong one.

"No!" at length exclaimed Paulding fiercely. "Not if you would make it ten thousand! I tell you, my boys, we've struck something mighty important, to be worth such a big price. I don't understand it," turning to André, "but I'm more determined now than ever to take you in. D—n it, I'd shoot my best friend, if he stood in the way! Am I not right, boys?"

"It's a big sum of money—but we're true Whigs, and he must go in," replied Williams.

"And I say so too," said Van Wart. "Though if I thought he was a mere common spy, and 't would do no harm to the cause, I'd go for takin' the money. I bleeve he'd pay it."

"So do I," said Paulding. "But suppose West Point should be taken—and this gentleman be the man that had done it—how would we feel?"

"Durned cheap!" said Van Wart.

"Come, sir!" said Paulding to André, in a stern voice. "We have made up our minds. Mount your horse. It'll only take a couple of hours or so to get to North Castle. Then if you are not a spy, you can explain matters to Colonel Jameson, who is a true gentleman, and he will let you off—and you won't have to pay a sixpence either, besides getting your purse and watches back again."

There was nothing more to be said or done. André mounted his horse. Their party was soon increased by the joining of three or four others, who had been off in another direction. And with one of his captors grasping his bridle, and the others walking on either side, he was conducted along the roads and across the fields, by the most unfrequented ways, to North Castle.

It was a dismal ride, for although André did not apprehend any very serious results to himself, the whole subtly planned scheme would evidently now be brought to light. The first thing to be done, was to get word of his arrest to Arnold, in order that the American General might make his escape. Possibly, Arnold might liberate him also. Though that was doubtful. It all turned upon the character of Colonel Jameson. If he were naturally unsuspicious, the avalanche might be held back, until both Arnold and himself were out of danger.

But, however this might be, all his bright anticipations of an immediate and successful issue to the war, based upon the triumph of treason, were dissipated forever. All the glory of having achieved this important and probably decisive blow, had faded away from his brow. In its stead, rested upon his forehead the stigma of being a spy—which, however undeserved he might consider it, his disguise, and the valuable papers found in his possession, naturally tended to fasten upon him. A sad, sad ride it was to André. Was it strange that he thought at times of his three-fold dream, so curiously fulfilled—and of that other dream, the same as the prediction of the Sibyl, with its awful ending?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HAGAR'S REVENGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY HONOR.

"Rolf, you have not done your duty to-night; you have been out here smoking instead of dancing. Come, I shall not let you off any longer, I want some one to dance with Miss Lenox; she is a stranger, and we must be polite to her."

"Have mercy on me, Kate, it is too warm to dance to-night."

"Nonsense! You mean you are too lazy."

"Well, I don't know which would be the worse, to dance or have you talk to me."

"Impudent!"

"If you won't go away I suppose I must come."

Rising languidly, Rolf offered his arm to his sister, and together they entered the dancing saloon.

"There she is; the young girl by the window," said Mrs. Adams to Rolf.

"Heavens! Kate, *why* must I always dance with the ugliest girls in your rooms?"

"Well, she is not pretty, Rolf, but then beauty is not everything. No doubt she talks well," returned Mrs. Adams in that gently pitying tone which a pretty woman affects when speaking of a lack of beauty in another woman.

"Upon the principle that an ugly person is always virtuous. Lead on, Kate! The victim is ready."

"Hush, Rolf! I'm afraid she heard you."

In a few second more the introduction was performed, and Rolf and Miss Lenox were seated alone.

"You are a stranger in our part of the universe, I believe?" said Rolf, seeing that she evinced no intention to begin the conversation.

Her eyes had been fastened on the floor, and at his words she blushed deeply; apparently with a great effort she pronounced the the word, "Yes."

"Evidently from the country, painfully shy, and not at all pretty," was his inward comment.

"Have you liked your visit here, so far?"

"No— Yes! I mean yes, very much," she answered, turning red and white by turns.

Rolf Ranleigh looked at her curiously. "By Jove I might almost think that she is in love with me; love at first sight! How the girl blushes!" thought he.

"Have you been living in the country, Miss Lenox?" She'll think I'm deuced inquisitive! I don't want to know where she lives, but she won't talk, and I must say something. The latter part of this speech was delivered internally.

"In the country, I believe," returned Hagar, confusedly.

"'She believes.' Is the girl a fool?" This was also to himself.

A few more ineffectual efforts on his part and the conversation ceased. Rolf was getting slightly piqued at his failure to draw her out, and he reflected wrathfully that he was not playing a very brilliant part.

At length in desperation he proposed that they should join the dance; to his infinite relief she consented. After a few turns he led her to a seat, and in a short time excused himself. Passing out upon the piazza he threw himself into a chair and gave a sigh of intense relief.

"Rolf, old fellow, you look as if a mountain had been lifted from your shoulders," said a young man who was standing near him.

"You show infinite penetration. A mountain, in the shape of a girl, *has* just been taken off them."

"The girl you were dancing with?"

"Yes, the same. You witnessed the sacrifice, then? When Kate gives parties, I always dance with the ugly girls. This one was not only ugly, but a fool." In a like strain Rolf gave free vent to his thoughts, and, as fortune would have it, Miss Lenox was seated inside, at the very window outside of which he was. At the sound of her own name she rose to her feet, but seeing that the throng was so great that she could not pass, she quietly reseated herself. As she listened to his candid expression of his opinion of herself, a slightly sarcastic smile rested on her face, but it was the only evidence that she heard.

That evening, when she had closed her door, she walked straight to the mirror, and pushing back her black hair, gazed intently at her face.

"No, it is certainly not a pretty face," she answered, composedly, as if in answer to a question. "But I did not know that I could be such a fool as to care for a man's opinion of me. Hagar Lenox, I am ashamed of you. My lord thinks that I must be in love with him, because I blushed when he spoke. I think, before we part, sir, I will undeceive you." For a long time she sat with her hands folded and her splendid dark eyes looking dreamily before her; at length she rose to her feet, and laughing in a low tone, said, while her eyes glittered brilliantly, "I think, Mr. Ranleigh, before we part, you will acknowledge that I am not quite a fool, neither am I in love with you."

Next morning Hagar entered the breakfast-room rather late—there was only one vacant seat, and that by Mr. Ranleigh. She seated herself by him, smiling inwardly at his half-concealed dissatisfaction. At first they merely exchanged good-morning, but Hagar exerted herself, and in a few minutes he found himself, to his great surprise, drawn into a lively conversation with the woman who the night before could not open her lips. As he talked to her he marveled how he could have called her ugly; but, truth to say, Hagar Lenox silent, and Hagar Lenox talking, were two different persons. Perhaps, as she talked to Rolf, she raised her "midnight eyes" oftener to his face than was absolutely necessary. Few men can resist a woman who is determined to please, and Rolf was not an exception to the rule.

Before breakfast was over he acknowledged that Miss Lenox was a very charming girl, and in a week he called himself a fool for ever thinking her stupid. So the golden summer days slipped by, filled up with all kinds of gayeties and pleasures. Rolf managed to be always near Hagar, and all his masculine friends rallied him about his flirtation with Miss Lenox, and all his feminine looked daggers at Hagar, who smiled sweetly, and seemed perfectly unconscious of their jealousy, and encouraged Rolf the more.

Rolf was soon forced to acknowledge to himself that his flirtation was no longer a flirtation, but verging rapidly to real love. At first he put aside the idea angrily. He in love with a penniless school-teacher. He determined not to go near her until this idle fancy had died out—he would leave the house that morning. But, alas, for human nature! when he entered the breakfast-room, and she smiled at him, he discovered that there was no need for his speedy departure, and so he lingered on, each day becoming more perilously sweet.

One evening they strolled down together to the seashore. The pale moon had just risen, and her silver rays flooded beach and ocean with light. The low murmur of the waves as they lapped the shore was the only sound which broke the silence. Presently Miss Lenox spoke: "How peaceful and calm the sea looks. I have often wished I could go to sleep beneath those cool, glistening waves, and never wake again."

"It is hardly a natural wish from the lips of a young girl, Miss Lenox. I confess I should not like to give life up at this." And he looked at her tenderly.

Hagar noted the look, and complimented him upon his flirting—in her thoughts.

"Perhaps it does not sound well, but please remember that a village school-marm does not naturally find her path strewn with roses," returned she, laughing rather bitterly.

"God knows, Miss Hagar, that I would willingly take all your troubles on my shoulders, and leave you only the roses of life, were it possible," said he, earnestly.

"I hardly think you would be accepted as schoolmistress in M——. I doubt your qualification for teaching, and your patience to drum A B C into the heads of stupid children, and that is my particular burden," laughed she, lightly.

"Hagar, I must speak. You must hear me—I love you better than my life. Give me the right to make your path smooth through life."

"Admirably spoken—rather high flown though, was it not, Mr. Ranleigh?" said Hagar, believing him to be only flirting.

"Hagar!—"

"Miss Lenox—if you please."

"Miss Lenox—Hagar, you wrong me. I love you truly, devotedly, and earnestly as man ever loved woman."

"That is certainly an honor done me; it would be greater if I could believe it," returned Hagar, scornfully.

"Hagar, Hagar, have you no mercy, no pity? Are you a woman, or only stone, to stand there and taunt a man who pleads before you for life or death?" cried he, passionately.

"Do you really do me the honor to love me? Excuse me if I doubt it. I have grown no better looking since that night you spoke of me in such a complimentary manner on the piazza," she answered, coldly.

"Hagar, that was before I knew you. You will not take such a cruel revenge upon me for thoughtless words? I thought you liked me a little, Hagar; out of pity answer me."

"You were mistaken. I do not care for you. My only answer is no," she returned, nonchalantly.

He had been standing before her, now he came nearer, caught her hands tightly in his own, and said, sternly—

"Hagar, look into my eyes, straight into them, and tell me that you do not care for me."

"Does it not strike you that you are taking an unfair advantage of me? Remove your hands. I do *not* care for you," answered Hagar, haughtily, throwing back her head and looking into his eyes.

His face blanched, but he held her hands tighter. Then he loosed them, but it was only to throw his arms around her and press her to his heart. Closer, and still closer he strained her; his lips clung to hers in a long, burning kiss—and then his arms fell at his side.

"I ask your pardon; shall we return?"

Hagar, too much surprised and stunned to speak or even realize what had happened, silently retraced her steps. At the hall door he raised his hat, saying, coldly—

"Good-by, Miss Lenox; allow me to compliment you on your revenge."

That night Rolf Ranleigh left, and in a few days Hagar returned to her school and to the weary drudgery of her life. A nameless something seemed to have gone from her life, leaving it cold and void, what it was she knew not. The glorious glowing autumn days which followed were ever after remembered as the dreariest, saddest in her life. Gradually came the conviction that she loved the man whom she had so heartlessly, cruelly repulsed; loved him as a woman loves but once in her life, and loved him hopelessly too, for he would never return after what had passed. "Ah, I deserve it, I deserve it," she would moan to herself day after day.

Whether she had loved him all along, or whether the burning kiss he had pressed on her lips wakened all her slumbering soul she knew not; she was no stone, but a true-hearted woman, who had discovered when too late that she *had a heart* by the bitter pain gnawing at it.

So the year passed and once more it was the golden summer time. Hagar's little cottage faced the sea, and one evening as the sun cast his last quivering rays on the water, she stole out and going down to the beach she paced up and down, thinking of the year before. Her eyes were bent on the ground, and after some time had passed in this way, she raised them and saw a gentleman standing a few feet from her; it was Rolf Ranleigh. For some time they stood looking at each other. Hagar's mind was in perfect chaos, the only distinct thought was that she could now ask Rolf's pardon for her conduct to him. Acting on the impulse she came quickly to his side and said—

Mr. Ranleigh, I behaved shamefully to you; will you forgive me?" she raised her eyes to his, and something she saw there impelled her to say in a broken, hesitating voice, blushing deeply the while.

"And Mr. Ranleigh—Rolf—if you care—for my—love now—it is yours." At these last words she shyly extended her hands to him. Rolf caught her in his arms, and drew her closely to him, so close that she could feel the tumultuous throb of his heart against her own, and once more his lips clung to hers, and his eyes looked into hers with a world of passionate tenderness.

At length his happiness found words. "Hagar, I thought I would come and catch one more glimpse of your dear face before I left America forever, but I need not go now, need I, little girl?"

"Not if my love can keep you, Rolf?"

"And Hagar, are you satisfied with your revenge, or will you make me wretched for a few more years?" asked he teasingly.

"Now, Rolf, I will if you don't—" but Rolf stopped all further threats by pressing his lips to hers.

☞ A marked feature—a black eye.

☞ Alas for poor Germany! Base-ball matches are announced in Berlin and Dresden.

☞ A quiet old gentleman of New York thinks that it would be a good thing if Boston would invite all the street musicians of New York to take part in the coming jubilee, and keep them afterwards.

☞ There are answers which, in turning away wrath, only send it to the other end of the room; and to have a discussion coolly waived when you feel that justice is all on your side, is even more exasperating in marriage than in philosophy.

☞ The spendthrift's prayer—"Leave me a-loan, will you?"

☞ Nine Greek criminals of the worst description are asserted to have been recently liberated from confinement on the Island of Corfu, on condition of their emigration to the United States. Pleasant for us.

☞ Mrs. Catharine Marsh, who was tried in Baltimore last year for the murder of her four children, and pronounced insane, is now confined in an asylum at New Mount Hope, several miles from Baltimore. Although only twenty-nine years of age, her hair, since the tragedy, has turned completely white.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ This is a good time to plant cats. The cat should be prepared with a boot-jack, revolver, or some other utensil, and then planted under a plum tree. If you have not got a plum tree, plant anywhere. Plant all you can and plant deep. This branch of agriculture is too much neglected.

☞ Scene—Recitation in Metaphysics. Professor—"Which is the most delicate of the senses?" Senior—"The sense of touch." Professor—"Give an example." Senior—"My chum can feel his moustache, but no one can see it."

☞ A California paper is incorruptible. A man sent the editor a basket of strawberries and a leader. He ate the berries and sent back the leader, which shows that his morals are all right.

☞ The girl must have been somewhat excited when she pulled her beau's nose, kissed the bell-pull, and sweetly said good night.

☞ Chinamen are growing civilized. They now drink their lager straight in New York, and enjoy it.

☞ A Welsh paper at Scranton, Pa., revises G. F. Train thusly:—

"Bip Ginly il Prain miff a crrunpt tampl nypunt sorllg gp Prilty! ot gmahx druitzmt begply in writt neamnix df gunnorit."

This is the most atrocious thing we have ever heard George accused of. If the language this philosopher uses contains truth, G. F. T.'s prospects are ruined forever.

☞ Since the arrival of Red Cloud at Washington, he has arrayed himself in a white shirt, a paper collar and blue necktie, black slouch hat, black broadcloth coat and pants, and new moccasins.

☞ Human nature is the same everywhere. It is remarked in New York, that horse car conductors on six-cent lines refuse to affiliate with their five-cent brothers.

☞ Four Connecticut men are chronicled by the Danbury News as taking a hand-car ride and enjoying the exhilarating effect of the rapid passage, when a misplaced switch suddenly changed the current of their feelings, and planted the four of them up to their necks in the sand, the eight legs floating serenely in the balmy air.

☞ A Parisian recently lost an eye by splitting open the iris on the edge of a bosom shirt which he had had starched to ultra stiffness.

☞ The voice of the strawberry is heard in our land, and that benevolent berry will soon be actively engaged in getting off spoons of various materials into mouths of different sizes, for the benefit of churches, sewing circles, and Sunday-schools.—*Chicago Post.*

☞ It is pleasant to know that Agassiz has found a few species of gasteropods, fourteen kinds of chinoderus, including an eurayle, fifty specimens of ophiurans, and to crown the whole, a large heliaster.

☞ A Providence lady lecturer concludes that it won't pay. Only two tickets were sold.

☞ When an Indian youth falls in love he ejaculates, "Schemendanourtichwager," and expresses his feelings.

☞ Two aged citizens of St. Louis, Mo., have never missed paying an afternoon visit to a beer garden in that city for twenty-nine years. They always appear at about the same hour, sit at the same table, drink the same quantity of beer, and play the same number of games at dominoes without variation, day after day throughout the year.

☞ A Des Moines (Iowa) newspaper accuses two members of the State Legislature of buying sixty dollars' worth of goods just before leaving for home, and paying for them in postage stamps.

☞ In tearing up the roof of the Court House at Edwardsville, Illinois, last week, the workmen discovered skeletons of pigeons piled up by the hundreds. A defect in the cornice enabled the pigeons to get in, but they were unable to get out again.

☞ A train on the Kansas Pacific Railroad recently, when near Ellis, Kansas, was found to be amongst immense herds of buffalo. The train was stopped, and several of the passengers alighted and made a sortie on the herd, killing several the buffalos within sight of the cars.

☞ The mail carrier at Jackson, Mo., recently disappeared, after having filled the position for several months with great regularity. The postmaster, unable to discover the missing carrier, was compelled to despatch his son with the mails, who, on the road met the absentee arrayed in a Dolly Varden and three-story hat. An explanation ensued, from which it appeared that the mail carrier was not a male, but a girl, who, disguised in the clothes of the other sex, had applied for and obtained the situation, but having been recognized by one of her relations, had been persuaded to resume her proper dress.

☞ A church of no mean dimensions, with steeple, etc., was placed upon cars of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, at Dunton, a station near Chicago, and conveyed, by steam, to another station six miles distant, when it was disembarked and set up.

☞ A gentleman desirous of purchasing an estate in Switzerland, which he has not sufficient money to buy, advertises in the Swiss Times for a partner possessing money enough to enable him to make up the required sum. The partner is to be a lady, and one of the conditions is that she shall marry the advertiser.

☞ ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—A mother—The present style of high sharp boot heels are dangerous to girls. Try the palm of your hand or a shingle.

☞ A man who was engaged in an angry dispute, in St. Louis, a day or two since, dropped dead from mere excitement.

☞ Jupiter, the monarch of the solar system, now reigns supreme in the western sky during the evening. He can be found in the constellation Gemini, a little to the southwest of the two highest stars of that cluster, Castor and Pollux. The planet Mars, whose ruddy light has so long decked the western heavens, is now lost to view, as he sets with the sun.

☞ WHY THE BARBER'S POLE IS STRIPED.—Barbers were formerly bleeders. Persons who are bled generally grasp a staff whilst the blood flows from the arm. A representation of this staff was, anciently, the bleeder's sign; it was painted white, and red stripes were painted round it, to be emblematic of streams of blood. Thus, the striped staff became the emblem of the barber-surgeons, and was retained by the barbers after bleeding, cupping, &c., was generally relinquished by the fraternity.

☞ A venerable country gentleman said to a newsboy, on St. Patrick's day, "Boy, I want to go to the Monongahela House." "Very well," replied the boy, "you may go, if you'll promise not to be gone long."

☞ George MacDonald says, "I know of a man so sensitive that he shuts his ears to his sister's griefs, because it spoils his digestion to think of them."

☞ Atlanta, Ga., has an undertaker with the suggestive name of Bonefield.

☞ A Cleveland proprietor of a whistle has been fined for "undue blowing."

☞ Documents of all kinds pertaining to music and the opera are collected in the archives of the Paris Opera. Some of these are very curious; manuscript copies and first editions of celebrated opera scores, letters from celebrated composers, engagements signed by distinguished singers and artists during the past two hundred years, and various papers of a similar kind.

☞ A superstition exists that Lake Traun, Germany, must have one human victim annually.

"SURLY TIM'S TROUBLE."

A LANCASHIRE STORY.

BY FANNIE E. HODGSON.

"Sorry to hear my fellow-workmen speak so disparagin' o' me? Well, Master, that's as it may be, yo know. Happen my fellow-workmen ha made a bit o' a mistake—happen what seems loike crustiness to them beant so much crustiness as summut else—happen I mought do my bit o' complainin' too. Yo munnot trust aw you hear Master; that's aw I can say."

I looked at the man's bent face quite curiously, and, judging from its rather heavy but still not unprepossessing outline, I could not really call it a bad face, or even a sulky one. And yet both managers and hands had given me a bad account of Tim Hibblethwaite. "Surly Tim" they called him, and each had something to say about his sullen disposition to silence, and his short answers. Not that he was accused of anything like misdemeanor, but he was "glum loike," the factory people said, and "a surly fellow well deserving his name," as the master of his room had told me.

I had come to Lancashire to take the control of my father's spinning-factory a short time before, and, being anxious to do my best toward the hands, I often talked to one and another in a friendly way, so that I could the better understand their grievances and remedy them with justice to all parties concerned. So, in conversing with men, women, and children, I gradually found out that Tim Hibblethwaite was in bad odor, and that he held himself doggedly aloof from all; and this was how, in the course of time, I came to speak to him about the matter, and the opening words of my story are the words of his answer. But they did not satisfy me by any means. I wanted to do the man justice myself, and see that justice was done to him by others; and then again when, after my curious look at him, he lifted his head from his work and drew the back of his hand across his warm face, I noticed that he gave his eyes a brush, and, glancing at him once more, I recognized the presence of a queer moisture in them.

In my anxiety to conceal that I had noticed anything unusual, I am afraid I spoke to him quite hurriedly. I was a young man then, and by no means as self-possessed as I ought to have been.

"I hope you won't misunderstand me, Hibblethwaite," I said; "I don't mean to complain—indeed, I have nothing to complain of, for Foxley tells me you are the steadiest and most orderly hand he has under him; but the fact is I should like to make friends with you all, and see that no one is treated badly. And somehow or other I found out that you were not disposed to feel friendly towards the rest, and I was sorry for it. But I suppose you have some reason of your own."

The man bent down over his work again, silent for a minute, to my discomfiture, but at last he spoke, almost huskily.

"Thank yo, Master," he said; "yo're a koindly chap or yo wouldn't ha noticed. An' yo're not fur wrong either. I ha reasons o' my own, tho' I'm loike to keep 'em to mysen most o' toimes. Th' fellows as throws their slurs on me would na understond 'em if I were loike to gab, which I never were. But happen th' toime 'll come when Surly Tim 'll tell his own tale, though I often think it's loike it wunnut come till th' Day o' Judgment."

"I hope it will come before then," I said, cheerfully. "I hope the time is not far away when we shall all understand you, Hibblethwaite. I think it has been misunderstanding so far which has separated you from the rest, and it cannot last always, you know."

But he shook his head—not after a surly fashion, but, as I thought, a trifle sadly or heavily—so I did not ask any more questions, or try to force the subject upon him.

But I noticed him pretty closely as time went on, and the more I saw of him the more fully I was convinced that he was not so surly as people imagined. He never interfered with the most active of his enemies, or made any reply when they taunted him, and more than once I saw him perform a silent, half-secret act of kindness. Once I caught him throwing half his dinner to a wretched little lad who had just come to the factory, and worked near him; and once again, as I was leaving the building on a rainy night, I came upon him on the stone steps at the door bending down with an almost pathetic clumsiness to pin the woollen shawl of a poor little mite who, like so many others, worked with her shiftless father and mother to add to their weekly earnings. It was always the poorest and least cared for of the children whom he seemed to befriend, and very often I noticed that even when he was kindest, in his awkward man fashion, the little waifs were afraid of him, and showed their fear plainly.

The factory was situated on the outskirts of a thriving country town near Manchester, and at the end of the lane that led from it to the more thickly-populated part there was a path crossing a field to the pretty church and church-yard, and this path was a short cut homeward for me. Being so pretty and quiet, the place had a sort of attraction for me, and I was in the habit of frequently passing through it on my way, partly because it was pretty and quiet, perhaps, and partly, I have no doubt, because I was inclined to be weak and melancholy at the time, my health being broken down under hard study.

It so happened that in passing here one night, and glancing in among the graves and marble monuments, as usual, I caught sight of a dark figure sitting upon a little mound under a tree and resting its head upon its hands, and in this sad-looking figure I recognized the muscular outline of my friend, Surly Tim.

He did not see me at first, and I was almost inclined to think it best to leave him alone; but as I half turned away he stirred with something like a faint moan, and then lifted his head and saw me standing in the bright, clear moonlight.

"Who's theer?" he said. "Dost ta want owt?"

"It is only Doncaster, Hibblethwaite," I returned, as I sprang over the low stone wall to join him. "What is the matter, old fellow? I thought I heard you groan just now?"

"Yo mought ha done, Master," he answered, heavily. "Happen tha did. I dunnot know mysen. Nowts th' matter though, as I knows on, on'y I'm a bit out o' soarts."

He turned his head aside slightly and began to pull at the blades of grass on the mound, and all at once I saw that his hand was trembling nervously.

It was almost three minutes before he spoke again.

"That un belongs to me," he said suddenly, at last, pointing to a longer mound at his feet. "An' this little 'un," signifying with an indescribable gesture the small one upon which he sat.

"Poor fellow," I said. "I see now."

"A little lad o' mine," he said, slowly and tremulously. "A little lad o' mine an'—an' his mother."

"What?" I exclaimed, "I never knew that you were a married man, Tim."

He dropped his head upon his hand again, still pulling nervously at the grass with the other.

"Th' law says I beant, Master," he answered in a painful strained fashion. "I canna tell myseh what God-a'-moighty 'ud say about it."

"I don't understand," I faltered; "you don't mean to say the poor girl never was your wife, Hibblethwaite."

"That's what th' law says," slowly; "I thowt different myseh, an' so did th' poor lass. That's what's the matter, Master: that's th' trouble."

This other nervous hand went up to his bent face for a minute and hid it, but I did not speak. There was so much of strange grief in his simple movement that I felt words would be out of place. It was not my dogged inexplicable "hand" who was sitting before me in the bright moonlight on the baby's grave: it was a man with a hidden history of some tragic sorrow long kept secret in his homely breast—perhaps a history very few of us could read aright. I would not question him, though I fancied he meant to explain himself. I knew that if he was willing to tell me the truth it was best that he should choose his own time for it, and so I left him alone.

And before I had waited very long he broke the silence himself, as I had thought he would.

* * * * *

"It wor welly about six year ago I cum 'n here," he said, "more or less, welly about six year. I wor a quiet chap then, Master, an' had na many friends, but I had more than I ha' now. Happen I wor better nater'd, but just as loike I wor loighter-hearted—but that's nowt to do wi' it.

"I had na been here more than a week when theer comes a young woman to moind a loom i' th' next room to me, an' this young man bein' pretty an' modest takes my fancy. She wor na loike th' rest o' the wenches—loud talkin' an' slattern i' her ways, she wor just quiet loike and nowt else. First time I seed her I said to myseh, 'Theer's a lass 'at's seed trouble;' an' somehow every toime I seed her afterward I says to myseh, 'There's a lass 'at's seed trouble.' It wur in her eye—she had a soft loike brown eye, Master—an' it wur in her voice—her voice wur soft loike, too—I sometimes thowt it wur plain to be seed even i' her dress. If she'd been born a lady she'd ha' been one o' the foine soart, an' as she'd been born a factory-lass she wur one o' th' foine soart still. So I took to watchin' her an' tryin' to mak' friends wi' her, but I never had much luck wi' her till one neet I was goin' home through th' snow, and I seed here afore fighten' th' drift wi' nowt but a thin shawl over her head; so I goes up behind her an' I says to her, steady and respectful, so as she wouldna be feart, I says:—

"'Lass, let me see thee home. It's bad weather fur thee to be out in by thysen. Tak' my coat an' wrop thee up in it, an' tak' hold o' my arm an' let me help thee along.'

"She looks up right straight furrad i' my face wi' her brown eyes, an' I tell yo, Master, I wur glad I wur an honest man 'stead o' a rascal, fur them quiet eyes 'nd ha fun me out before I'd ha' done sayin' my say if I'd meant harm.

"'Thank yo kindly, Master Hibblethwaite,' she says, 'but dunna tak' off the coat fur me; I'm doin' pretty nicely. It is Master Hibblethwaite, beant it?'

"'Aye, lass,' I answers, 'it's him. Mought I ax yo're name.'

"'Aye, to be sure,' said she. 'My name's Rosanna—'Sanna Brent th' folk at th' mill allus ca's me. I work at th' loom i' th' next room to thine. I've seed thee often an' often.'

"So we walks home to her lodgings, an' on th' way we talks together friendly an' quiet loike, an' th' more we talks th' more I sees she's had trouble, an' by-and-by—bein' ony common workin' folk, we're straightforrad to each other in our plain way—it comes out what her trouble has been.

"'Yo p'raps wouldn't think I've been a married woman, Master,' she says; 'but I ha', an' I wedded an' rued. I married a sojer when I wur a giddy young wench, four years ago, an' it wur th' worst thing as ever I did i' aw my days. He wur one o' yo're handsome fastish chaps, an' he tired o' me as men o' his stripe allers do tire o' poor lasses, an' then he ill-treated me. He went to th' Crimea after we'n been wed a year, an' left me to shift for mysen. An' I heard six month after he wur dead. He'd never writ back to me nor sent me no help, but I couldna think he wur dead till th' letter comn. He wur killed th' first month he wur out fightin' th' Rooshians. Poor fellow! Poor Phil! Th' Lord ha mercy on him!'

"That wur how I found out about her trouble, an' somehow it seemed to draw me to her, an' make me feel kindly to'arda her, 't wur so pitiful to hear her talk about th' rascal, so sorrowful an' gentle, an' not gi' him a real hard word for a' he'd done. But that's allers th' way wi women folk—th' more yo harry's them, the more they'll pity yo an' pray for yo. Why she wurna more than twenty-two then, an' she must ha been nowt but a slip o' a lass when they wur wed.

"How-'sever, Rosanna Brent an' me got to be good friends, an' we walked home together o' nights, an' talked about our bits o' wage, an' our bits o' debt, an' tha' way that wench 'ud keep me up i' spirits when I wur a bit down-hearted about owt, wur just a wonder. She wur so quiet an' steady, an' when she said owt she meant it, an' she never said too much or too little. Her brown eyes allers minded me o' my mother, though th' old woman deed when I were nobbut a little chap, but I never seed 'Sanna Brent smile 'bout thinkin' o' how my mother looked when I wur kneelin' down sayin' my prayers after her. An' bein' as th' lass wur so dear to me, I made up my mind to ax her to be summat dearer. So, once goin' home along wi' her, I takes hold o' her hand an' lifts it up an' kisses it gentle—as gentle an' wi' summat th' same feelin' as I'd kiss th' Good Book.

"'Sanna,' I says, 'bein' as yo've had so much trouble wi' yo're first chance, would yo' be afeard to try a second? Could yo' trust a mon again? Such a mon as me, 'Sanna?'

"'I wouldna be feart to trust thee, Tim,' she answers back soft an' gentle after a manner. 'I wouldna be feart to trust thee any time.'

"I kisses her hand again, gentler still.

"'God bless thee, lass,' I says. 'Does that mean yes?'

"She crept up closer to me i' her sweet, quiet way.

"'Aye, lad,' she answers. 'It means yes, an' I'll bide by it.'

"'An' tha shalt never rue it, lass,' said I. 'Tha's gi'en thy life to me, an' I'll gi' mine to thee, sure and true.'

"So we wur axed i' th' church t' next Sunday, an' a month fra then we were wed, an' if ever God's sun shone on a happy mon, it shone on one that day, when we come out o' church together—me and Rosanna—an' went to our bit o' a home to begin life again. I couldna tell thee, Master—theer beant no words to tell how happy an' peaceful we lived fur two year after that. My lass never altered her sweet ways, an' I just loved her to make up to her fur what had gone by. I thanked God-a'-moighty fur His blessing every day, an' every day I prayed to be made worthy of it. An' here's just wheer I'd like to ax a question, Master, about summat 'ats worretted me a good deal. I dunnot want to question th' Maker, but I would loike to know how it is 'at sometime it seems 'at we'er clean forgot—as if He couldna fash Hissen about our troubles, an' most loike left 'em to work out theirsens. Yo see, Master, an' we aw see sometime He thinks on us an' gi's us a lift, but hasna tha thysen seen times when tha stopt short an' axed thysen, 'Wheer's God-a'-moighty 'at He isna straighten things out a bit? Th' world's i' a power o' a snarl. Th' righteous is forsaken 'n his seed's beggin' bread. An' th' devil's topmost again.' I've talked to my lass about it sometimes, an' I

dunnot think I meant harm, Mester, for I felt humble enough—an' when I talked, my lass she'd listen an' smile soft an' sorrowful, but she never gi' me but one answer.

"'Tim,' she'd say, 'this is on'y th' skoo' an' we're th' scholars, an' He's teachin' us His way. We munnot be loike th' children o' Israel i' th' Wilderness, an' turn away fra th' cross 'cause o' th' Serpent. We munnot say, 'Theere's snake:' we mun say, 'Theere th' Cross, an' th' Lord gi' it to us.' Th' teacher wouldna be o' much use, Tim, if th' scholars knew as much as he did, an' I allers think it's th' best to comfort myseu wi' sayin' Th' Lord-a'-moighty, He knows."

"An' she allers comforted me too when I wur worretted. Life looked smooth somehow them three year. Happen th' Lord sent 'em to me to make up fur what wur comin'.

"At th' eend o' th' first year th' child wur born, th' little lad here," touching the turf with his hand, "'Wee Wattie' his mother co'd him, an' an' he wur a fine lightsome little chap. He filled th' whole house wi' music day in an' day out, crowin' an' crowin'—an' cryin' too sometime. But if ever yo're a feyther, Mester, yo'll find out 'at a baby's cry's music often enough, an' yo'll find, too, if yo ever lose one, 'at yo'd give all yo'd getten just to hear even th' worst o' cryin'. Rosanna she couldna find t' her heart to set th' little 'un out o' her arms a minnit, an' she'd go about th' room wi' her eyes aw leet-ed up, an' her face bloomin' like a slip o' a girl's, an' if she laid him i' th' cradle her head 'ud be turut o'er her shoulder aw' th' time lookin' at him an' singin' bits o' sweet-soundin' foolish woman-folks' songs. I thowt then 'at them old nursery songs wur th' happiest music I ever heard, an' when 'Sanna sung 'em they minded me o' hymn-tunes.

"Well, Mester, before th' spring wur out Wee Wat was toddlin' round holdin' to his mother's gown, an' by th' middle o' th' next he was cookin' like a dove, an' prattlin' words i' a voice like hers. His eyes wur big an' brown an' straightforrad like hers, an' his curls wur the color o' a brown bee's back. Happen we set too much store by him, or happen it wur on'y th' Teacher again teachin' us His way, but how'sever that wur, I came home one sunny mornin' fro' th' factory, an' my dear lass met me at th' door, all white an' cold, but tryin' hard to be brave an' help me to hear what she had to tell.

"'Tim,' said she, 'th' Lord ha' sent us a trouble; but we can bear it together, canna we, dear lad?'

"That wor aw, but I knew what it meant, though t' poor little lamb had been well enough when I kissed him last.

"I went in an' saw him lyin' theer on his pillows strugglin' an' gaspin' in hard convulsions, an' I seed aw' was over. An' in half an hour, just as th' sun creept across th' room an' touched his curls, th' pretty little chap opens his eyes aw at once.

"'Daddy!' he crows out. 'Bithee Dad—!' an' he lifts hisseu up, catches at th' floatin' sunshine, laughs at it, and fa's back—dead, Mester.

"I've allers thowt 'at th' Lord-a'-moighty knew what he wur doin' when he gi' th' woman t' Adam i' th' Garden o' Eden. He knowed he wur nowt but a poor chap as couldna do fur hisseu; an' I suppose that's th' reason he gi' th' woman th' strength to bear trouble when it comn. I'd ha' gi'en clean in if it hadna been fur my lass when th' little chap deed. I never tackledt owt i' aw my days 'at hurt me as heavy as losin' him did. I couldna abear th' sight o' his cradle, an' if ever I comn across any o' his bits o' playthings, I'd fall to cryin' an' shakin' like a babby. I kept out o' th' way, o' th' neebors' children even. I wanna like Rosanna. I couldna see quoite clear what th' Lord meant, an' I couldna help murmuring sad and heavy. That's just loike us men, Mester; just as if th' dear wench as had give him her life fur food day an' neet, hadna fur th' best reet o' th' two to be weak an' heavy-hearted.

"But I getten welly over it at last, an' we was beginnin' to come round a bit an' look forrad to th' toime we'd see him agen 'stead o' lookin' back to th' toime we shut th' round bit of a face under th' coffin lid. Day comn when we could bear to talk about him an' moind things he'd said an' tried to say i' his broken babby way. An' so we were creepin' back again to th' old happy quiet, an' we had been for welly six month, when summat fresh come. I'll never forget it, Mester, th' neet it happened. I'd kissed Rosanna at th' door an' left her standin' theer when I went up to th' village to buy summat she wanted. It wur a bright moonlight neet, just such a neet as this, an' th' lass had followed me out to see th' moon shine, it wur so bright an' clear; an' just before I starts she folds both her hands on my shoulder an' says, soft an' thoughtful—

"'Tim, I wonder if th' little chap sees us?'

"'I'd loike to know, dear lass,' I answers back. An' then she speaks again—

"'Tim, I wonder if he'd know he was ours if he could see, or if he'd ha' forgot? He wur such a little fellow.'

"Them wur th' last peaceful words I ever heerd her speak. I went up to th' village an' getten what she sent me fur, an' then I comn back. Th' moon wur shinin' as bright as ever, an' th' flowers i' her slip o' a garden wur aw sparklin' wi' dew. I seed 'em as I went up th' walk, an' I thowt again of what she'd said about th' little lad.

"She wasna outside, an' I couldna see a leet about th' house, but I heerd voices, so I walked straight in—into th' entry an' into th' kitchen, an' theer she wur, Mester—my poor wench, crouchin' down by th' table, hidin' her face i' her hands, an' close beside her wur a mon—a mon i' red sojer clothes.

"My heart leaped into my throat, an' fur a minnit I hadna a word, for I saw summat wur up, though I couldna tell what it wur. But at last my voice come back.

"'Good evenin', Mester,' I says to him; 'I hope ye ha'not broughten ill news? What ails thee, dear lass?'

"She stirs a little, an' gives a moan like a dyin' child; an' then she lifts up her wan, broken-hearted face, an' stretches out both her hands to me.

"'Tim,' she says, 'dunnot hate me, lad, dunnot. I thowt he wur dead long sin'. I thowt 'at th' Rooshans killed him an' I wur free, but I amna. I never wur. He never died, Tim, an' theer he is—the mon as I wur wed to an' left by. God forgi' him, an' oh, God forgi' me!'

"Theer, Mester, theer's a story fur thee. What dost ta' think o't? My poor lass wasna my wife at aw—th' little chap's mother wasna his feyther's wife, an' never had been. That theer worthless fellow as beat an' starved her an' left her to fight th' world alone, had comn back alive an' well, ready to begin again. He could tak' her away fro' me any hour i' th' day, an' I couldna say a word to bar him. Th' law said my wife—th' little dead lad's mother—belonged to him, body an' soul. Theer was no law to help us—it wur aw on his side.

"Theer's no use o' goin' o'er aw we said to each other i' that dark room theer. I raved an' prayed an' pled wi' th' lass to let me carry her across th' seas, wheer I'd heerd tell theer was help fur such loike; but she pled back i' her broken patient way that it wouldna be reet, an' happen it wur the Lord's will. She didna say much to th' sojer. I scarce heerd her speak to him more than once, when she axed him to let her go away by hersen.

"'Tha cannot want me now, Phil,' she said. 'Tha canna care fur me. Tha must know I'm more this mon's wife than thine. But I dunnot ax thee to gi me to him, because I know that wouldna be reet; I ony ax thee to let me alone. I'll go far enough off an' never see him more."

"But th' villain held to her. If she didna come wi' him, he said, he'd ha' me up before th' court fur bigamy. I could ha' done murder then, Mester, an' I would ha' done if it hadna been for th' poor lass runnin' in betwixt us an' pleadin' wi' aw her might. If we'n been rich foak theer might ha' been some help fur her, at least; th' law might ha' been browt to mak him leave her be, but bein' poor workin' foak theer was ony one thing: th' wife mun go wi' th' husband, an' theer th' husband stood—a scoundrel, cursing, wi' his black heart on his tongue.

"'Well,' says th' lass at last, fair wearied out wi' grief, 'I'll go wi' thee, Phil, an' I'll do my best to please thee, but I wunnot promise to forget th' mon as has been true to me, an' has stood betwixt me an' th' world.'

"Then she turned round to me.

"'Tim,' she said to me, as if she wur hauf feart—aye, feart o' him, an' me standin' by. Three hours afore, th' law ud ha let me milli any mon 'at feart her. 'Tim,' she says, 'surely he wunnot refuse to let us go together to th' little lad's grave—fur th' last time.' She didna speak to him but to me, an' she spoke still an' strained as if she wur too heart-broke to be wild. Her face was as white as th' dead, but she didna cry, as any other woman would ha' done. 'Come, Tim,' she said, 'he canna say no to that.'

"An' so out we went 'thout another word, an' left th' black-hearted rascal behind, sittin' i' th' very room t' little un deed in. His cradle stood theer i' th' corner. We went out into th' moonlight 'thout speakin', an' we didna say a word until we come to this very place, Mester.

"We stood here for a minute silent, an' then I sees her bogin' to shake, an' she thrown hersen down on th' grass wi' her arms flung o'er th' grave, an' she cries out as of her death-wound had been give to her.

"'Little lad,' she says, 'little lad, dost ta see thee mother? Canst na tha hear her callin' thee! Little lad, get nigh to th' Throne an' plead!'

"I fell down beside o' th' poor crushed wench an' sobbed wi' her. I couldna comfort her, fur woer wurt heer any comfort for us? There wur none left—theer wur no hope. We was shamed an' broke down—our lives was lost. Th' past wur nowt—th' future wur worse. Oh, my poor lass, how hard she tried to pray—fur me, Mester—yes, fur me, as she lay theer wi' her arms round her dead babby's grave, an' her cheek on th' grass as grew o'er his breast. 'Lord God-a'-moighty,' she says, 'help us—dunnot gi' us up—dunnot, dunnot. We canna do 'thowt thee now, if th' time ever wur when we could. Th' little chap mun be wi' Thee, I moind th' bit o' comfort about getherin' th' lambs i' His bosom. An', Lord, if Tha could spare him a minnit, send him down to us wi' a bit o' leet. Oh, Feyther! help th' poor lad here—help him. Let th' weight fa' on me, not on him. Just help th' poor lad to bear it. If ever I did owt as wur worthy i' Thy sight, let that be my reward. Dear Lord-a'-moighty, I'd be willin' to gi' up a bit o' my own heavenly glory fur th' dear lad's sake.'

"Well, Mester, she lay theer on th' grass prayin' an' cryin', wild but gentle, fur nigh hauf an hour, an' then it seemed 'at she got quoite loike, an' she got up. Happen th' Lord had hearkened an' sent th' child—happen He had, fur when she getten up her face looked to me aw white an' shinin' in' th' clear moonlight.

"'Sit down by me, dear lad,' she said, 'an' hold my hand a minnit.' I set down an' took hold of her hand, as she bid me.

"'Tim,' she said, 'this wur why th' little chap deed. Dost na tha see now 'at th' Lord knew best?'

"'Yes, lass.' I answers, humble, an' lays my face on her hands, breakin' down again.

"'Hush, dear lad," she whispers, "we hannot time for that. I want to talk to thee. Wilta listen?'

"'Yes, wife,' I says, an' I heerd her sob when I said it, but she catches hersen up again.

"'I want thee to mak' me a promise,' said she. 'I want thee to promise never to forget what peace we ha' had. I want thee to remember it allus, an' to moind him 'at's dead, an' let his little hand howd thee back fro' sin an' hard thowts. I'll pray for thee neet an' day, Tim, an' tha shalt pray fur me, an' happen thee'll come a leet. But ef theer dunnot, dear lad—an' I dunnot see how theer could—if theer dunnot, an' we never see each other agen, I want thee to mak' me a promise that if tha sees th' little chap first tha' it moind him o' me, and watch out wi' him nigh th' gate, and I'll promise thee that if I see him first, I'll moind him o' thee an' watch out true an' constant.'

"I promised her, Mester, as yo' can guess, an' we kneeled down an' kissed th' grass, an' she took a bit o' th' sod to put i' her bosom. An' then we stood up an' looked at each other, an' at last she put her dear face on my breast an' kissed me, as she had done every neet sin' we wer mon an' wife.

"'Good-bye, dear lad,' she whispers—her voice aw broken. 'Doant come back to th' house till I'm gone. Good-by, dear, dear lad, an' God bless thee.' An' she slipped out o' my arms an' wur gone in a moment awmost before I could cry out.

* * * * * * * *

"There isna much more to tell, Mester—th' send's comin' now, an, happen it'll shorten off th' story, so 'at it seems suddent to thee. But it were na suddent to me. I lived alone here, an' worked, an' moinded my own business, an' answered no questions fur nigh about a year, hearin' nowt' an' seein' nowt, an' hopin' nowt, till one toime when th' daisies were blowin' on the little grave here, theer come to me a letter fro' Manchester fro' one o' th' medical chaps i' th' hospital. It wur a short letter wi' prent on it, an' the moment I seed it I knowed summat wur up, an' I opened it tremblin'. Mester, theer wur a woman lyin' in one o' th' wards dyin' o' some long-named heart-disease, an' she'd prayed 'em to send fur me, an' one o' th' young soft-hearted ones had writ me a line to let me know.

"I started aw'most afore I'd finished readin' th' letter, an' when I getten to th' place I fun just what I knowed I should. I fun her—my wife—th' blessed lass, an' if I'd been an hour later I would na ha' seen her alive, fur she were nigh past knowin' me then.

"But I knelt down by th' bedside an' I plead wi' her as she lay theer, until I browt her back to th' world again fur one moment. Her eyes flew wide open aw' at once, an' she seed me and smiled, aw her dear face quiverin' i' death.

"'Dear lad," she whispered, "th' path was na so long after aw. The Lord knew—he trod it hissen' once, yo' know. I knowed tha'd come—I prayed so. I've reached th' very eend now, Tim, an' I shall see th' little lad first. But I wunnot forget my promise—no. I'll look out—for thee—for thee—at th' gate.'

"An' her eyes shut slow an' quiet, an' I knowed she was dead.

"Theer, Mester Doncaster, theer it aw is, for theer she lies under th' daisies closest by her child, fur I browt her here an' buried her. Th' fellow as come betwixt us had tortured her fur a while an' then left her again, I fun out—an' she were so afeard of doin' me some harm that she wouldna come nigh me. It wur heart disease as killed her, th' medical chaps said, but I knowed better—it wur heart-break. That's aw. Sometimes I think o'er it till I canna stand it any longer, an' I'm fain to come here an' lay my hand on th' grass,—an' sometimes I ha' queer dreams about her. I had one last neet. I thowt 'at she comn to me aw at onot just as she used to look, ony, wi' her white face shinin' loike a star, an' she says, 'Tim, th' path isna so long after aw—tha's come nigh to th' eend, an' me an' th' little chap is waitin'. He knows thee, dear lad, fur I've towt him.'

"That's why I comn here to neet, Mester; an' I believe that's why I've talked so free to thee. If I'm near th' eend I'd loike some one to know. I ha' meant no hurt when I seemed grum and surly. It wurna ill-will, but a heavy heart."

* * * * * * *

He stopped here, and his head dropped upon his hands again, and for a minute or so there was another dead silence. Such a story as this needed no comment. I could make none. It seemed to me that the poor fellow's sore heart could bear none. At length he rose from the turf and stood up, looking out over the graves into the soft light beyond with a strange, wistful sadness.

"Well, I mun go now," he said, slowly. "Good-neet, Mester, good-neet, an' thank yo fur listenin'."

"Good-night," I returned, adding, in an impulse of pity that was almost a passion, "and God help you!"

"Thank yo again, Mester!" he said, and then turned away: and as I sat pondering I watched his heavy drooping figure threading its way among the dark mounds and white marble, and under the shadowy trees, and out into the path beyond. I did not sleep well that night. The strained, heavy tones of the man's voice were in my ears, and the homely yet tragic story seemed to weave itself into all my thoughts, and keep me from rest. I could not get it out of my mind.

In consequence of this sleeplessness I was later than usual in going down to the factory, and when I arrived at the gates I found an unusual bustle there. Something out of the ordinary routine had plainly occurred, for the whole place was in confusion. There was a crowd of hands grouped about one corner of the yard, and as I came in a man ran against me, and showed me a terribly pale face.

"I ax pardon, Mester Doncaster," he said in a wild hurry: "but theer's an accident happended. One o' th' weavers is hurt bad, an' I'm goin' fur th' doctor. Th' loom caught an' crushed him afore we could stop it."

For some reason or other my heart misgave me that very moment. I pushed forward to the group in the yard-corner, and made my way through it.

A man was lying on a pile of coats in the middle of the bystanders—a poor fellow crushed and torn and bruised, but lying quite quiet now, only for an occasional little moan that was scarcely more than a quick gasp for breath. It was Surly Tim.

"He's nigh th' eend o' it now!" said one of the hands, pityingly. "He's nigh th' last now, poor chap! What's that he's sayin', lads?"

For all at once some flickering sense seemed to have caught at one of the speaker's words, and the wounded man stirred, murmuring faintly—but not to the watchers. Ah, no! to something far, far beyond their feeble human sight—to something in the broad Without.

"Th' eend!" he said; "aye, this is th' eend, dear lass, an' th' path's aw shinin' or summat an'!—Why, lass, I can see thee plain, an' th' little chap, too!"

Another flutter of the breath, one slight movement of the mangled hand, and I bent down closer to the poor fellow—closer, because my eyes were so dimmed that I could not see.

"Lads," I said aloud a few seconds later, "you can do no more for him. His pain is over!"

For, with the sudden glow of light which shone upon the shortened path and the waiting figures of his child and its mother, Surly Tim's earthly trouble had ended.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

OUR SAILORS.

Gallant Conduct of the Officers and Crew of the American Squadron at Marseilles.

From the New York Herald.

Full and complete dispatches have been received at last in reference to the gallant conduct of the officers and sailors of the American squadron at Marseilles in the latter part of last month.

The American squadron—consisting of the Wabash, Congress, Brooklyn, Plymouth, Shenandoah, Juniata and Wachusett, under the command of Admiral Alden—were at the time lying in the Napoleon Basin, surrounded by almost innumerable merchantmen, embracing every description of craft and nationality. The night was fine, the sea calm, and there was a little moonlight. Suddenly, just after midnight, an explosion startled the fleet and the city, and the awakened people beheld, with alarm and dismay, dense clouds of heavy smoke rising from the burning hull of an Italian ship which had just arrived from Philadelphia with a cargo of petroleum and had in some way got ablaze. With the memory of the great fire at Bordeaux (which originated in precisely the same way) still fresh in their minds, the citizens fully realized the nature of the danger that now threatened them. So closely were the merchantmen huddled together that it seemed impossible to prevent the flames spreading, as at Bordeaux, through the rest of the fleet and thence to the wharves and city, especially as the houses come right down to the front of the harbor. Crowds of anxious men gathered along the shores and gazed at the peril that menaced them in panic-stricken fascinated horror.

But while the Frenchmen were thus paralyzed with fright, the Americans, also sensible of the danger, took instant measures to avert the coming disaster. The flames on board the ill-fated ship were spreading with fearful rapidity, and illuminated with sinister glare the shipping, the quays, and the faces of the terror-stricken thousands who had rushed down to the water's edge. When the consternation was at its height the bugles on board the American fleet were heard calling away the boats, with the familiar tunes that seemed so strangely out of place at such a moment. Presently a twelve-oared cutter was seen to push away from the squadron and speed with lusty strokes towards the burning ship; then another and another; then a cluster of ten or more, until twenty boats, almost all that Admiral Alden had under his command, had been dispatched on the pressing, dangerous errand of saving fear-wrapped Marseilles. In a few minutes the first boat which put off gained the windward side of the burning vessel, and quick as thought, men were seen to scramble on board like cats, and move, as it seemed, amid the very flames. The other boats were soon alongside, and the admirable plan of the officers at once put into execution. Crew after crew of the boats were seen to board the vessel. Others of the boats seemed hovering along the ship's side. On shore there was a dead silence, but through the smothered roar and crackling of the fire could be heard the clear, firm orders from the American officers in command, succeeded by the blows of axes. The plan of the Americans was first to scuttle the ship, next to cast loose the moorings, and thirdly to tow her as far out in the bay as possible before she sank. This could not be appreciated at the time by those on shore; but how admirably American brains and discipline told that night is the sequel. When it was well assured that the timbers had been sufficiently pierced to insure her sinking, the boats were seen to form in single file, lashed securely together stem to stern. A hawser was passed over the bow of the ship and made fast to the sternmost boat. The excitement rose still higher as the Italian slowly settled down in the water till her deck was almost level with the surface of the water. All the arrangements having been completed, the single file of American boats, lashed stem and stern, were seen pulling bravely away, and as the line straightened the burning ship also moved out towards the bay, towed irresistibly forward by 200 sturdy American oars. It was clear now that the peril was over, and an immense cheer of delight and gratitude broke from the assembled citizens. The Americans kept on rowing until the burning vessel sunk, and though there was here and there a little pool of flaming oil upon the waves, no further disaster occurred, owing to the distance between the fire and the vessels.

A GERMAN EXODUS.

Wholesale Emigration to America.

Correspondence of Manchester Guardian.

BERLIN, May 4.—It is a rather curious fact that just at this present moment, when the fortunes of Germany appear to have reached the top of the wheel, the number of her sons who are desirous of leaving her and of seeking a home in the Far West is greater than it has ever been at any former period. The emigration question is assuming very serious dimensions for some parts of the kingdom of Prussia, but more especially the provinces of Pomerania, West Prussia, and the more northerly districts of Posen. In most of the villages in the first-mentioned province many of the peasants' houses are either empty or being pulled down, and the small proprietors are selling for 25 per cent. under recent values in order to realize quickly and reach the land of promise with the least possible delay. Little holdings which only a short time ago were very much in demand are now a mere drug in the market, and it is difficult to find purchasers at any price. A Pomeranian landowner writes that his own village, which is only a very little one, had lost thirty of its most valuable laborers on the 1st of April, and that another village in his neighborhood had already lost all its inhabitants except three families, but these intended to follow the lead in a few weeks. The place would then become a "deserted village" in the strictest sense, though not at all like that of Goldsmith's "Sweet Auburn," as the desertion is not occasioned by the rich man's vanity of a park, but is directly against his wishes and interests. He would gladly keep his poorer neighbors with him if he could, for with them his wealth will emigrate too. It is easy to obtain ocular demonstration of the height of the present emigration fever by paying an evening visit to the Potsdam or Hamburg Railway-station. At the former I have often seen hundreds of emigrants encamping on the bare boards, sitting on their luggage, surrounded by the wreck of their household gods, and soothing their babies while waiting for the next train for Bremen, where they will embark for America. The first instinctive feeling at such a sight is one of pity; but it is certainly very much misplaced, as the emigrants are, for the most part, extremely happy in the hopes that have prompted their step, and which, in most cases, are fulfilled. This ever-increasing exodus is a great misfortune for the country—at least for those who stay behind in it—as it involves a great loss of national wealth; but for the emigrants themselves the gain is not inconsiderable. This is proved by the fact that the emigration fever generally exhibits itself as an epidemic. One man caught by the agent and sent out becomes a decoy bird for a whole village, perhaps a whole district; and the accounts and money which he sends home in a couple of years will draw all his family and half his acquaintances after him. The argument which will first suggest itself to the political economist is that if the landowner wishes to keep his laborers he must improve their position by giving them better wages. Facts, however, are directly opposed to this theory, as it is precisely from those parts of the country in which the laborers are the most liberally paid that the tide of emigration sets in the strongest. The reason is, that the higher the wages the sooner has the laborer saved the sum required for his passage and first settlement in his new home; and when that is accomplished he is off at once. In this manner it has actually become the landholder's private interest not to treat his men too well, lest he should furnish them with the wings for their flight. Such a motive for keeping wages down is, of course, a very low and immoral one; but it cannot fail to exert some force.

On the other hand, it cuts two ways, as it makes the contrast greater between the laborer's own position and the pictures sent back to him of that of his old friends who have already crossed the Atlantic. If, again, the political economist should urge that there must be a certain limit, or rather amount of improvement in the laborer's position, which would induce him to remain at home, the answer is that to reach that limit would involve the payment of such wages as would completely ruin the landholder. This brings us the real seat of the evil, in as far as it can be considered as one. The price of land in Germany—at least, in some parts of it—lately has been too high. A very large number of estates have changed hands, and the sums paid were such as not to leave the farmer a sufficient margin for working capital. This is all the more unfortunate, because by far the greater part of the land is farmed by its proprietors, little and great, and not leased to tenants. In order to find the original purchase money and retain enough capital for working expenses, many have been obliged to mortgage heavily in the first instance; and thus a comparatively slight depreciation in the value of landed property involves for them the loss of their all. Unless, however, some unforeseen circumstance should check the present westward current, land must fall in the depopulated districts, and then perhaps the new-comers, who will have bought cheaply, may be able to pay the next generation wages sufficiently attractive to keep it at home; but in the meantime the small landed proprietors will have suffered severely. Some, indeed, are already following the example of their men, and emigrating too. The Pomeranian Agricultural Society, at a recent meeting held at Stettin, passed two resolutions from which it hopes for some relief. In the first place, to petition the Chancellor to instruct the German consuls at American ports to inquire how many able-bodied emigrants were staying at the same, and willing to return to their native country, on the condition of a free passage; and, secondly, to recommend that emigration be placed under more stringent police regulations than it is at present. It would be incorrect, however, to suppose that the entire loss of population to the Pomeranian villages is due entirely to the fascinations of the backwood life in America; a very different sort of life in the towns is also a great temptation. The peasant's daughter takes a house-maid's place in Breslau or Berlin, and writes home flaming accounts of concerts and theatres. The brother reads them, and straightway throws down his spade or leaves his plough to try his fortunes in the same great world that has made his sister such a fine lady. Railways and the universality of a certain amount of education render such an ambitious step far easier now than formerly.

☞ Two Bostonians, evidently on a visit to New York for the first time, were observed to stand for half an hour in Printing House square, discussing the question as to whether the new bronze statue of Franklin was a very striking or only a moderately good likeness of Abraham Lincoln.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

[Any of the following works—or any other book—will be forwarded by mail by the proprietors of THE POST on receipt of the regular retail price. *Address H. Peterson & Co., 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.*

Publishers are requested always to state the retail price of their books when sending them to be noticed.]

PRACTICAL HORSEMANSHIP. By G. FLEMING, F. R. G. S., M. A. I., etc., President of the Central Veterinary Medical Society, Member of Council of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, author of "Horseshoes and Horseshoeing," etc., etc. With twenty-nine Illustrations. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia. A large portion of this essay is devoted by the author—who seems to know what he is talking about—to a condemnation of the cruel and irrational practice of paring away the sole and frog of the horse's foot as a necessary preparation for shoeing. He describes the anatomy of the foot, shows how it can be prepared for shoeing in a healthy and scientific manner, gives descriptions of various new styles of shoes, shaped so as to fit the natural foot much better, and be superior in many other respects to the ordinary shoe, and submits much additional advice upon the physiological care of that most sensitive and complex structure, the horse's foot. A sensible book, we think, and one from which many a farmer and farrier might get ideas that would be worth much to them.

PHILADELPHIA AND ITS ENVIRONS. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. This is a very prettily gotten-up little volume, in pamphlet form, very entertaining to those acquainted with the city, and both useful and entertaining to strangers. It is full of illustrations, all quite good, with the exception of the Wissahickon views, which we do not like much.

☞ It is enough to make one's hair stand on end to read of the discoveries made in the water Londoners drink. A distressed resident declares that John B. Gough or Father Mathew, if they had lived in London, would yield to the superior advantages of comparatively clean beer and spirits.

☞ A Cincinnati paper records that among the promenaders on Fourth street, in that city, Wednesday afternoon, was observed a fragile young man, expensively perfumed, who was holding one end of a chain having attached to it a small dog wearing a light-colored blanket, on which was elaborately embroidered the words, "Twin Brothers."

☞ There is a decided novelty in fans. They show the word "Roma," when held up for the plain purpose of fanning, but by a clever turn of the hand the word suddenly changes into "Amor," which is "Roma" read backwards. Young creatures turn the orthodox side to papa, when he happens to look that way, and the other side speaks volumes in a totally opposite direction. These affairs have, we believe, their origin in Paris.

Loveliness on the Increase.

A marked increase of female loveliness is the eye-delighting result of the immense popularity which HAGAN'S MAGNOLIA BALM has obtained among the ladies of America. Complexions radiant with snowy purity and tinged with the roseate hue of health are commonly met with whenever it is used. For the sallow and unwholesome appearance of the face and neck, which utterly counterbalance the effect of any personal attraction the owner may possess, it substitutes that clear, pearl-like complexion which is such a transcendant charm in woman, renders the roughest skin as soft as Genoa velvet. No one is more astonished than the person using it at the marvellous transformation which it effects in these particulars.

☞ George Francis Train has sent us his picture. His hair on one side of his head is brushed well back, exposing one of the largest ears ever worn by a candidate for the Presidency.—*Boston Times.*

Rupture.—We again call the attention of all afflicted with Hernia to the easy and effectual remedy afforded by the Elastic Truss. The high commendation it is receiving from all quarters shows how readily this invention (so complete and so much needed) will supersede all torturing metal instruments. We advise all sufferers to send for a descriptive circular to The Elastic Truss Co., No. 683 Broadway, New York.

ap27-12t

☞ A woman at Pittsfield, Mass., a few days ago took a photographer to the tomb where the body of her deceased brother lay, and they stood the corpse up against the door and took its portrait.

ALL who desire to accumulate wealth should examine the plan for an Imperial City at the terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad, Puget Sound. Maps and full particulars sent, post-paid, by Lockwood Union, P. O. Box 3808, New York. 1t

FOR Coughs, Bronchitis, and Consumption, in its early stages, nothing equals Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. 573

Salesmen Wanted.

Messrs. Hamdin & Hart, Springfield, Ill., Dealers in Pianos, Organs, and Manufacturers of the "Victor" Music Box, wish to employ 1500 Agents to sell their celebrated Music Box. The "Victor" is conceded by ALL to be the BEST, as well as the CHEAPEST instrument of its kind in use. This fact is proved by the very large demand for the instrument,—over 3000 having been sold during the past year. We manufacture two styles of cases, Rosewood and Walnut, both are mounted in Silver, and sell at the same price, viz: $12. The "Victor" plays 16 tunes, and is warranted for 5 years. A large commission will be allowed Agents who engage in the sale of this instrument. The business is particularly recommended to Lady Agents, being pleasant and profitable. To those who wish to act as agents in the sale of our "Victor Music Box," we will send one as a sample to sell by, upon receipt of $9 to pay for packing and express charges. Complete printed instructions, rate of commission, terms, &c., will be sent with the instruments, or upon application by letter, enclosing 3 cent stamp. Write name, County and State plainly. Address

HAMDIN & HART,
jane1-1y Springfield, Illinois.

A Pitiful Condition.

It is a sad thing to pass through life only half alive. Yet there are thousands whose habitual condition is one of languor and debility. They complain of no specific disease; they suffer no positive pain; but they have no relish for anything which affords mental or sensuous pleasure. In nine cases out of ten this state of lassitude and torpor arises from a morbid stomach. Indigestion destroys the energy of both mind and body. When the waste of nature is not supplied by a due and regular assimilation of the food, every organ is starved, every function interrupted.

Now, what does common sense suggest under these circumstances of depression? The system needs rousing and strengthening; not merely for an hour or two, to sink afterward into a more pitiable condition than ever (as it assuredly would do if an ordinary alcoholic stimulant were resorted to,) but radically and permanently.

How is this desirable object to be accomplished? The answer to this question, founded on the unvarying experience of a quarter of a century, is easily given. Infuse new vigor into the digestive organs by a course of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. Do not waste time by administering temporary remedies, but wake the system up by recuperating the fountain-head of physical strength and energy, the great organ upon which all the other organs depend for their nurture and support.

By the time that a dozen doses of the great vegetable tonic and invigorant have been taken, the feeble frame of the dyspeptic will begin to feel its benign influence. Appetite will be created, and with appetite the capacity to digest what it craves. Persevere until the cure is complete—until healthful blood, fit to be the material of flesh and muscle, bone and nerve, and brain, flows through the channels of circulation, instead of the watery pabulum with which they have heretofore been imperfectly nourished. 1m

For Moth Patches, Freckles & Tan

Use PERRY'S MOTH & FRECKLE LOTION. The well known reliable and harmless remedy for Removing Brown Discolorations of the Face.

Depot, 49 Bond Street, New York. Sold by every Druggist in Philadelphia, and elsewhere. mh30-3m

SKIN DISEASES.

PERRY'S IMPROVED COMEDONE AND PIMPLE REMEDY.—The Skin Medicine of the Age. Is warranted to cure Flesh Worms, Pimply Eruptions, and Blotched Disfigurations of the Face.

Prepared only by Dr. B. C. Perry, Dermatologist, 49 Bond Street, New York. Sold by Druggists everywhere. mh30-3m

PROSPECTUS FOR 1872.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

REDUCTION OF PRICE!

SPLENDID STORIES.

The publishers of THE LADY'S FRIEND have concluded to reduce its price to single subscribers from $2.50 to $2—the prices to Clubs (already very low) remaining the same.

They shall continue to obtain for their readers the very best novelets, stories, poetry, etc., that can be procured, including articles from the gifted pens of Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss A. L. Muzzey, Daisy Ventnor, August Bell, Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, A. M. Dana, Madge Carroll, Emma B. Ripley, Nora Perry, M. C. Fyle, Ida Rowland, etc., etc., etc.

The following novelets, with the usual variety of short stories, are announced for 1872:

WITHIN THE MAZE;

OR,

LADY ANDINNIAN'S TRIAL.

By MRS. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Dene Hollow," &c.

UNA AND HER LIONS.
By MISS A. L. MUZZEY, author of "One Woman's Experience," "Jealousy," etc.

QUEEN COQUETTA.
By DAISY VENTNOR, author of "Prince Charming, etc., etc.

ONLY A WISH.
By A. M. DANA, author of "Jarring Chords, etc., etc.

MISSION WORK.
By Mrs. MARGARET HOSMER, author of "A Turn in Fortune's Wheel," etc., etc.

AN EVERY-DAY HEROINE.
By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "Solid Silver," "A Little Money," etc.

ENGRAVINGS!

The Engravings of THE LADY'S FRIEND are of a very superior character. They embrace beautiful pictures of subjects which touch the sentiments and affections, illustrations of our Novelets and Stories, illustrations of the Fashions, (including cuts from which patterns for almost everything can be ordered at a low price,) illustrations of Ladies' Fancy work, etc.

MUSIC.

A piece of the latest and most fashionable Music accompanies every number. The Music is of itself worth the price of the magazine.

The Most Refined, Beautiful, and Interesting of the Magazines!

In short, THE LADY'S FRIEND aims to be, and its proprietors think it is, the most refined, Beautiful, and Interesting of the Magazines—*being in Cover, Engravings, and Contents just what a lady's magazine should be.*

TERMS—Always in Advance.

One Copy, - - - - - $2.00.
1 Copy of the Lady's Friend ($2) and 1 of The Saturday Evening Post ($2.50), for $4.00.

[Our club terms are the same as those of that old and popular paper, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—in order that the clubs may be made up of the magazine and paper conjointly when so desired.]

☞ The magazines or papers in a club will be sent to different Post-offices, if desired.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks, *payable to our order.*

Address DEACON & PETERSON,
319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

Single Numbers 20 Cts. Specimen Copies (not current numbers) 15 Cts.

DR. RADWAY'S
SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT
THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

Every drop of the Sarsaparillian Resolvent communicates through the Blood, Sweat, Urine and other fluid, and juices of the system the vigor of life, for it repairs the wastes of the body with new and sound material. Scrofula, Syphilis, Consumption, Chronic Dyspepsia, Glandular Disease, Ulcers in the Throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands, and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumorous Discharges from the Ears, and the worst forms of Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Ache, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Tumors, Cancers in the womb, and all Weakening and Painful discharges, Night Sweats, Loss of Sperm, and all wastes of the Life Principle, are within the curative range of this wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them. If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the wastes and decomposition that is continually progressing, succeeds in arresting those wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy blood, and this the Sarsaparillian will and does secure, a cure is certain; for, when once this remedy commences its work of purification; and succeeds in diminishing the loss of wastes, its repairs will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself growing better and stronger, the food digesting better, appetite improving, and flesh and weight increasing.

Not only does the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT excel all known and remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional, and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

KIDNEY AND BLADDER COMPLAINTS,

Urinary, and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all other cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substance like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance, and white bone-dust deposits,

THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1872.

TERMS---Always in Advance.

One Copy, - - $2.50
One copy of the Saturday Evening Post ($2.50) and One of the Lady's Friend ($2.00) for $4.00.

Our club terms are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:

4 copies, - - - - - $6.00
8 " (and one to getter-up of club) - 12 00
16 " do. do. do. do. - 20.00
30 " do. do. do. do. - 38.00
50 " do. do. do. do. - 60.00

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.
☞ The papers or magazines in a club will be sent to different Post-offices, if desired.
☞ Additions may be made to clubs—but the new subscription must begin and end at the same time as the original club.
☞ The contents of THE POST and of THE LADY'S FRIEND will always be entirely different.
☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks payable to *our order*.

Address H. PETERSON & CO.,
No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

SINGLE COPIES 5 Cents.

NOTICE.

We have commenced sending out bills to a number of old subscribers—and we trust they will not delay in honoring them.

THE EVERGREENS DESTROYED.

Last Winter's Work—A Widespread Disaster—Millions of Dollars Lost.

From the New York Journal of Commerce.

From Virginia to the Canadian shores, and from the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains to the Atlantic, the evergreens are dead or dying. Millions of dollars worth of hardy plants that have for years withstood our Northern winters, now show the ravages of the zero weather of the last season. Norway spruce pines, arbor vitæ, junipers, rhododendrons, dwarf and standard roses in public parks and private gardens have "put on the sere and yellow leaf," their symbols of decay.

Long Island has suffered severely. In the gardens at Astoria, where immense numbers of evergreens were growing for sale, the loss is estimated at hundreds of thousands of dollars. Rows of arbor vitæ, containing thousands of plants, are actually valueless. Prospect Park and the private gardens in Brooklyn have not been spared in the general disaster, and the gardeners at the Central Park, New York, pronounce the loss in those grounds almost irreparable. At Flatbush, Long Island, and in Westchester county, the loss has been very great. Some of the nurserymen have lost their entire stock. In other places the effect has been peculiar. Plants of same age and apparent health, growing in long rows, have been touched at intervals of a few feet. The first dozen in the row are dead, and the next half dozen are well and thrifty. In Brooklyn, the plants on the north and east side of the houses have suffered most.

In New Jersey the horticulturists have noticed that plants which were shaded from the winter sun have escaped the worst effects of the season, and may be saved with much trouble and time.

The reports from the vicinity of Boston and further East confirm the sad tidings of what was only rumor a few weeks ago, and from the great nurseries at Rochester, the Ohio Valley, and even further West, the words come to us, "Our evergreens are dead." The causes assigned for this unexpected loss are various, but from among them the following may be taken as having in them most of probability:

It is said that the warm days of February gave the plants an early start, as if the spring had really opened, and then, when all were swelling with the new life, the weather changed again to hard winter, freezing with the cold March winds.

Another view is that the plants were killed very early in the winter. There was not a gradual diminution of the temperature, as in former years, but the season came suddenly upon the plants before they were properly shielded or prepared for it. Their color changed slightly, but not enough to cause alarm, and, although the plants remained green, they were dead. Only when the warm weather of the last few weeks started the other plants into general activity was the damage to the evergreens visible.

In support of the first theory, it is observed that in one place on the Hudson, a private garden, there were several fine specimens of the golden-bark arborvitæ. They had been covered nearly all the winter. During the warm days of February they were exposed, and seemed remarkably vigorous. They have not been covered since, and are now dead.

Where the new supply will come from is as yet a matter of conjecture. Many think they could save some of their stock by carefully nursing it for two or three years; but the ground is too valuable to be used for that purpose, and the evergreens will be cut down and cast away. There are many sorrowful faces among the nurserymen, and some of them will be sorely tried in the effort to recover from the losses inflicted by the death of the evergreens.

Carefulness of the Cunard Company.

The Cunard steamship Tripoli, which is just reported wrecked on South Rock, Tuskar, on the Irish coast, is only the second vessel which this remarkably fortunate line has lost since its steamers began to cross the Atlantic, in 1840, and as all hands were saved the company is still able to say that not a passenger, nor even a mail-bag, has ever been lost on any of their boats by any disaster. The other steamer belonging to this company, which was lost, was the old boat Columbia, which was wrecked on the Nova Scotia coast. The Tripoli was an iron propeller of 2068 tons, built at Glasgow, in 1865, and had on board a valuable cargo, most of which will prove a total loss, doubtless. The rock on which the Tripoli was stranded, is near Wexford, on the southeast coast of Ireland, at the entrance of St. George's channel, and is a point that is usually very closely approached by vessels sailing from the port of Liverpool bound west.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.—At a recent sale in London, one of Muller's pictures fetched just close upon thirty dollars per square inch; and yet this artist died, not many years ago, of a broken-heart, because the Royal Academicians refused to admit any of his pictures to their walls. It seems to be almost a general rule that artists must die to reach the zenith of their fame.

☞ Dr. Mitchell, in a lecture recently delivered before the Edinburgh College of Physicians on the "natural history" and "antiquities" of lunacy, showed that from sixty to seventy per cent. of the idiocy of Great Britain is attributable to the numerous accidents to which children are exposed.

☞ There are no less than three thousand cameos in the museum of Florence, all relics from Pompeii.

PARTINGS.

BY SHIRLEY DARE.

Good-night! good-night!
Stars of Hope, put out your light,
Cover, drift-cloud, filmy wan,
All bright things heaven's face upon!
Pleasant songs in harvest field,
Cease! and let the gleaners yield
Wistfully their sheaves' increase:
Songs and cause for singing, cease,
Since this truth is parted quite,
Good-night! good-night!

Farewell! farewell!
As a clear-toned village bell
Sunset strikes in sunny weather,
We touch tried ships close together.
Loose thy hand while smiling high,
Lift to me thy laughing eye,
Without thrill or thought of pain,
So we never meet again.
What love's loss, let lovers tell,
Farewell! farewell!

A WHOLE HOUSE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It's the first time we've ever had a whole house to ourselves. We've had eighths of houses, quarters of houses, and floors of houses, but never a whole house of our own, with a real yard to it before. That is to say, not precisely a house of our own, but a house all to ourselves. We've had curious ups and downs, and more downs than ups in our time, and have stowed ourselves away in some odd places now and then. But it's over now. Next winter we shall not have to camp out in somebody's old northwest room where it's as smoky as Pittsburg and as cold as charity. This summer we shall not live in continual dread lest the *cimex lectularius* of the next-room folks come in and devour us. Nor yet of broiling July afternoons shall we have to stay in our up-stairs rooms and just naturally melt down in our boots with the heat. We can go down-stairs. We never had a down-stairs before. Nor a front-door, nor a whole coal-cellar to ourselves. We have dipt into the future, far as human eye could see, and taken a whole house. It's very nice.

It takes such a little thing to make a body completely happy sometimes.

Our house is in the city, but it's not too much city. Not too much city for hanging window-baskets, and ivy vines, and roses and verbenas. The strangling coal-smoke can't blacken and choke out the green grass in our yard, thank God! And green grass is the most beautiful thing in this world. The dirty-faced young ones who live in the other half of the house can't profane or stamp out my emerald grass-plot with their vicious little feet, you understand, because I live in the other half of the house myself. How that grass-plot will shine, and refresh my weary eyes, which are evermore longing for the country. And don't laugh, but I mean to have an onion-bed in my back yard, too. Of course I shall have roses, geraniums, pansies, and that sort of thing, but in a modest corner of the yard there will be several magnificently beautiful rows of shining green onions. Because I'm fond of onions. What's more, I'm not afraid of scaring away any beaux when I eat onions. Therefore I can afford to indulge my tastes. It's a comfort.

There's not too much city around our house to hinder us from seeing the blue sky and the fleecy, far away clouds. There is a tiny veranda in front of our house, too, and we can sit there and actually watch the red-gold sunsets. Watching the sunset always seemed to me like looking into Heaven. The river runs past near by the back of our yard, with glorious green hills across, and not too smoky to be seen plainly. I think I never was so triumphantly happy but once before in my life, and that was when you, Mr. Poet, sent me the first ten dollars I ever received for "writing for the papers." That was the occasion, equally with the present one, for such a lot of pleasant, self-conceited happiness. My joy is of the nature of that which an American boy experiences on the Fourth of July. I feel like throwing up my hat and firing off a volley of shooting-crackers.

There are six rooms in our house. They are small rooms—in point of fact, very small, some of them, but plenty big enough for two people. Bless you, yes! I can go anywhere I please in that house, without being in anybody's way, "up stairs and down stairs, and in my lady's chamber." I can sit down and enjoy the luxury of a good think by the kitchen stove, if I want to. Perfect independence can go no farther than that. Last summer there came to Put-in-Bay, one day, a picnic of Odd Fellows, or something, who wandered about the beautiful island, looking for what they could see. Two *rusticuses* found a source of continual wonder in the great hotel. They measured it off with their eyes, length, breadth and height, and then one remarked to the other:—

"That's a consid'abul heouse."

That is what I think of my house. It's a "consid'abul" house. And it's my house. The children, God bless 'em! can come and see me now, and I shall not be kept in mortal terror lest they fall out of a third-story window and break their necks. Little Jim will come, with his wise, solemn blue eyes, and tell me, for the fifteth time, how Aunt Lou cut the finger-nails off his toes; and Genie, to whom his uncle told the thrilling story of the great Chicago fire, how the whole vast city lay in ashes, and Master Genie's comment was as follows:

"I bet you I could find a lot of nails there!"

They can all come and play in our yard now. I tell you, there is untold comfort in having a whole house to ourselves.

Come and see us. ZIO.

THE FEET.

Apart from the dangerous and painful fashion of high heels, which is *merely* a fashion, and so destined to change for the better, in no way do the feet suffer so much injury, and childhood such continued discomfort and unhappiness, as through the wearing of *too short* shoes. T. W. Higginson has written of "The Murder of the Innocents" in schools. I would write of the cruel treatment of the feet everywhere that custom clothes the feet. The child with shoes "out at the toes" is taken to the shoe store, where all is deference and hurry. His old boot is speedily unlaced and removed, and a new one as speedily fitted on. He is told, it may be, to "stand up." He does so. The great toe reaches the end of the shoe, but as, standing, he feels no inconvenience from this, it is pronounced a "perfect fit," the money is paid, and the child and mother walk together out of the store. And now the misery begins, for as soon as the length of the foot is increased by the raising of the heel in walking, the toes are pressed forcibly against the end of the boot, causing with each step greater pain. The child complains; the mother, impatient, refuses to listen. "The shoe fitted; it does fit; it shall fit—come along." Once at home, he is silenced by angry reproof, perhaps even a slap or two are necessary to convince the help'ss little victim that there is no philosophy where shoes are concerned, and he resigns himself unwillingly to the situation. Meanwhile kind Nature does her best to mitigate his pains. She cannot lengthen the sole of the shoe, which should have been half a size longer than the foot, to allow for the bend in walking, nor can she prevent the pressure and grinding at the large joint of the great toe, but she crowds up the other toes at the first joint, and tries to put her inevitable forces into width instead of length, since the "uppers" consent to give way a little. The next pair of boots are got a trifle longer, but not enough to balance the added growth of the foot and the marginal half size; and this state of things lasts pretty much through childhood, with rare and happy accidental interruptions.

The youth, now fully in his "teens," is privileged to judge of the length of his own foot; but, alas! very serious damage is already done, and with those unoffending members deformity has taken the place of shapeliness. The joints of the great toe bulge out in an ugly way, even if bunions are not plainly determined. The second toe, it is not unlikely, in seeking to escape the torture imposed upon it, has lodged above its nearest neighbors. The foot is wide, with a hideous outline. The stouter the shoe previously worn—i. e., the longer they lasted the growing foot—the greater the violence done. And now, say at fourteen or fifteen, when the lower extremities have attained their full size, and consequently look preternaturally large, considered in relation to the rest of the body, the youth begins to be the subject of the superstition which demands *small* feet; and even if these members have been judiciously cared for hitherto, there is danger that he will now be tempted to try the cramping experiment. A little sound advice and just information at this critical juncture would serve to allay his anxiety and forestall the wrong. He should be instructed that beauty does not depend on size, but on proportion; and that, for good reasons, doubtless, the feet attain maturity and cease to grow at thirteen and fourteen, while the rest of the body continues for several years to gain in height, breadth and fullness. Let him be patient and trust to Nature, who is far wiser as yet than man.

The fanatical reverence so common in this day for small feet, small hands, and small waists, will no doubt decline as our knowledge of true art increases. Many a girl today prides herself on her small, unsymmetrical skeleton of a foot, the bare sight of which would make an artist shudder; and many another leaves all the drudgery of the house to her weary, worn-out mother, lest she herself should spoil her thin, characterless hands, which for beauty of proportion and real comeliness would be put to shame if compared with those of the "maid-of-all-work" next door. Would that we might escape from the miserable thralldom of these false standards of the beautiful, and that the young girl might realize that small feet, hands, waist, never yet had power to win or hold affection for the owner of them—indeed, that in all ages men have been profoundly and persistently in love with women who in these respects came nowhere near the present requirement. The next generation, more intelligent and courageous than this, will, we doubt not, inaugurate more rational and healthy standards in these matters, and we shall then see that women will be able to walk in comfort undreamed-of distances, while corns will be unknown. Also, we shall see women breathing with the same freedom men do; and living thus truly within the laws of the physical being, as well as the spiritual, she will discover once for all what constitutes "attraction" in woman.

SPRING'S MESSENGERS.

Happy the ear which first perceives,
From depths of freshly blowing leaves,
The sparrow's cry along the eaves.

Spring's herald he; for when the rain
Is blown in gusts against the pane,
His is the blithest, loudest strain.

A certain sobbing music fills
The violet hollows of the hills,
Where wink the yellow daffodils.

The rust-incrusted oak is mute,
But, from the dawn-a-round its root,
The sweet faint-smelling cowslips shoot.

And in the woods, yet soft for showers—
In Winter's wild, dishevelled bowers—
The violet takes heart and flowers.

Happy the eye which then can see,
In tallow field or bursting tree,
The watchful, kind Divinity.

Seasons of hurtling storms and snows
Hold i' the dark the early rose,
But fair the honeysuckle blows.

From breezy hedges, cottage-walls,
Where most at morn the sunshine falls,
Its odor comes, at intervals;

And where the parted branches hold
The light against the blackest mould,
The crocus shines in pace, or gold.

Silver is on the spectral larch;
You see, through each fresh-mantled arch
Of boughs, the ruddy face of March:

The moon has not a redder light
When balefully and dimly bright,
She turns eclipse upon the night.

Sweet are the farms of new-pulled hay,
Sweet are the changing sounds of day
From sunrise to the starlit gray:

The snooded girl that sits to sing
Beside the beach-o-shadowed spring—
The church-bell's minute clinking ring;

The rooks alarm—the swallows' cry,
The magpies' jangled litany,
The curlews' challenge, shrill and high.

Happy the heart that at such time,
When even the breezes flow in rhyme,
Feels yearnings for a farther clime.

Sallow, or fired, the day goes down,
Over the moor-lands drear and brown—
Over the sharply steepled town.

The crow goes broad-winged to his rest,
The linnet tilts to lofty nest;
Orion flames above the west.

Then white, as is a dead man's face,
Smote with death's spiritual grace,
The rounded moon heaves up through space.

The lights go out; the village street
Is dumb; you hear no passing feet,
Nor yet the mill-wheel's plashing beat.

Happy the lids that now may close,
Nor fear the hour when Morning throws,
Through lattice panes, her dewiest rose.

For them the wind's prolonged surcease,
Earth's brooding calm, heaven's starred increase,
Shall be as ministers of peace.

Comfortable Condition of Our Working-People.

The New York Times, alluding to the recent strikes in that city, says: "Philadelphia, as compared in this matter with New York, has two very marked characteristics. One of these is the much smaller number of strikes; the other is the far more comfortable condition of the workpeople. In regard to the first point, we do not think that we can be accused of exaggeration if we say that in the last ten years there have been, even in proportion to the populations, at least five times as many days' work of individuals lost from strikes in New York as in Philadelphia. As for the more comfortable condition of the working-classes there, we need hardly speak of it. A plain Philadelphia mechanic, living on ordinary wages, expects, as a general rule, to have a house to himself and family. And, in thousands of cases, he not only lives in such a house, but owns it. It is true, his wages, reckoned merely by the number of dollars and cents, are not so high as he could get in New York, but, reckoned by the manner in which he is able to live on them, they are commonly a great deal higher. There appears to be a feeling of union and concord between workingmen and their employers in Philadelphia, far greater than we generally see here. It is an argument of no small significance against the frequent strikes with which the community here is troubled, that the Philadelphia workingmen get along better without all this loss of time and loss of temper than our men do with it."

THE NEW BABY.

A displaced three year old moralizes thus:

Mozzer bought a baby,
'Ittle bitsy sing;
Sink I most could put him
From my rubber ring.
Ain't he awful ugly?
Ow his 'ittle eyes do blink!
"Just come down from heaven,"
That's a fib I sink.

Doctor told anozzer
Great big awful lie;
Nose ain't out of joint, zen,
Dat ain't why I cry.
Mamma stays up bed-room—
Guess he makes her sick;
Frow him in se gutter,
If I can, right quick.

Cuddle him and love him!
Call him "blessed sing!"
Don't care if my kite ain't
Got a bit of string!
Send me off wiz Biddy
Every single day.
"Be a good boy, Willie:
Run away and play."

"Sink I ought to love him?"
No, I won't, so zere!
Nassy crying baby,
Not got any hair.
Got all ze nice kisses,
Got my place in bed;
Mean to take my drum-stick
And crack him on se head.

What was the Great Napoleon Like?

In the second part of M. Michelet's "History of the French Revolution," just published in Paris, we are presented by the French historian with the following portrait of Napoleon I., and of his mother, Madame Lætitia Bonaparte:

I know but two faithful portraits of Napoleon. One is the small bust of Houdon, wild and obscure, which seems a sinister enigma. The other is a full-sized portrait painted by David, who, it is said, took no less than two years to finish it. The artist has shown himself conscientious, courageous—not caring whether he pleased, thinking only of the truth. So much so, that the engraver dared not follow it in certain details where truth contradicted tradition. David made him as he always was, without eyelashes or eyebrows, a small quantity of hair of an uncertain brown, which, in his youth, seemed black, in consequence of a free use of pomatum. The eyes are gray, like a pane of glass wherein one sees nothing; in short a complete and obscure impersonality which appears phantasmagorical. He is fat, yet it is easy to detect the feature which he held from his mother, the cheek-bones protruding as in most Corsicans and Sardinians. He says himself that he resembled her in person and instincts. In his youth he was her faint image. If he be put by her side he looks like her withered counterfeit, as if the hereditary disease of the family—gastric cancer—were already gnawing him. On the contrary, Madame Letitia, in her Italian portraits, as well as in that which I have before me, is a grand and majestic beauty. She is indescribably tragic and mysterious. The mouth is contemptuous, vindictive, full of the bitter honey which is only to be found in Corsica. The large and fixed eyes are, nevertheless, enigmatic. If they look, it is interiorly at their dream or passion. This gives her the weird appearance of a fortune-teller, or of a Moorish sybil, descended from the Carthaginians or Saracens, whose tombs are situate in the vicinity of Ajaccio, and whose posterity exists in the Niolo. She has the sombre air of a prophetess of evil, or of those *vocératrices* who follow funerals, not with tears, but rather with fits of revenge.

So much for one picture of the great Corsican; and now for another. The following "curious and authentic account," says the Dublin Evening Post (January, 1815,) of Bonaparte's deportment at Elba, we believe to be from the pen of Mr. North, a young man at the Bar.

[Extract of a letter from Porto Ferrajo, in Elba, dated in September, 1814.]

On the fourth day after my arrival I issued from my lodging, and inquired, as usual, if the Emperor was yet returned. Yes; he landed last night at nine o'clock. He seldom makes his appearance abroad before four o'clock in the evening. At that hour I went up to the Palace, mounted upon the terrace, and, in spite of its being forbidden ground, made good my station by beginning immediately to chat to the grenadiers on duty about their battles—about Paris and the Palais Royal, which recollections drew sighs from the rugged warriors—about politics, and the glorious achievements of the Great Napoleon. These Imperial Guardsmen are really noble fellows and nearly gentlemen in their deportment. They have fine pay, wear powder, dress showily, and drink up all the good wine in the island. They were very curious about the Congress, and demanded if there was any chance of the Emperor's going to live at Parma. I asked them if they were not content where they were. They said the people of the island were a villainous set, but they were content because they were with him. During our chat an officer passed by, and asked what I wanted. The answer was prompt: "Un Anglais," and "curiosity to see the Emperor." He scowled and departed. It is an error to suppose that Bonaparte and his people overflow at present with kindness to the English; he shows no extraordinary attention to them, and those that surround him are mostly of a spirit very hostile to the name of England. Bonaparte was visiting his mother, and, after waiting an hour in a violent sun, upon a sign the Guards flew to arms in the twinkling of an eye, the drums beat up, three officers advance towards Madame Mere's house with all the marks of zeal and devotion imaginable, and presently the once mighty lord of the Continent made his appearance. He but little resembles the notions I had of him, or any other man I ever saw. He is the squarest figure I think I ever recollect to have seen, and extremely corpulent. His face is a perfect square from the effects of fat; and as he has no whiskers his chops are thrown more into relief. This description, joined to his odd little three-cornered cocked hat and very plain clothes, would certainly give him the appearance of a vulgar person if the impression was not counteracted by his erect soldierly carriage, and the peculiar manner of his walking, which is confident, theatrical, and even a little ruffian-like; for he stamps the ground every step, and at the same time twists his body a little.

He was dressed that day in a green coat turned up with a dirty white, buttoned with one button across the breast, single-breasted, like a Quakers; no embroidery, no epaulettes, but lying quite close everywhere; with cassimere breeches and waistcoat, and white cotton stockings. His neck is short, his shoulders very broad, and his chest open. He had to mount upon the terrace by a wooden board thrown negligently there for the purpose, and an officer placed himself behind it, uncovered, like all the rest, and in the posture of one of the players at the game of leap-frog. The Emperor laid hold of his shoulders, and so helped himself up, without saying one word or even looking at the man. Two paces after he was so near me that I might have pinched his nose had I been so disposed, but I thought it better not. His features, I then saw, are remarkably masculine, regular, and well-formed. He seemed in good humor, and had more of a leer than a smile upon his open mouth, which, notwithstanding a beautiful set of teeth, could not conceal that expression which men immoderately exalted in their opinion of themselves generally carry about that feature. His skin is coarse and weather-beaten, though quite unwrinkled, and his color, bad and sun-burnt, would spoil his handsome features if they were not already altered by fat. His countenance is not of that pensive, meditating cast which his picture gives him; but in revenge his eyes possess a natural and unaffected fierceness the most extraordinary I ever beheld. They are full, bright, and of a brassy color. As soon as he was come upon the terrace, he directly looked at me, and continued to do so as long as it was possible, and his stare is by far the most determined and intense I ever experienced. This time curiosity made me a match, and I vanquished him. It is when he regards you that you mark the singular expression of his eyes. No frown, no ill-humor, no affectation of appearance; but the genuine expression of that iron, inexorable temper upon which any drop of the milk of human kindness that may have ever fallen must instantly turn to rust.

Which of these counterfeit presentments is the correct one? Both are manifestly taken through a medium colored by political hatred. M. Michelet's Republican leanings are well known; while internal evidence goes to show that Mr. North, the barrister, was a Tory of the good old school who detested "Boney."

New England Farms for Sale.

From the Chicago Farmer.

With a view of giving our readers an opportunity of seeing the prices at which farms in the most desirable portion of the best of the New England states are advertised for sale, we transfer to our columns a number of advertisements cut from our Eastern exchanges. The locations mentioned in many of these notices will be familiar to scores of our readers, and they will have a chance to see the depreciation in the value of some of the estates that they knew in early life. These notices point their own moral. They show that farms located within easy reach of railroads, close by manufacturing villages, and within sight of schools, churches and mills, are for sale at much less than the cost of the buildings upon them. Many of these farms are offered for less than the same number of acres of raw, unfenced prairie could be bought for in the settled portions of Illinois or Iowa. The number of farms that are advertised for sale in our Eastern exchanges are very large as compared with those advertised in Western papers. One paper, from which several of these notices are taken, contains a list of over two hundred for sale, and the reader is reminded "that we have several hundred eligible estates, not advertised in this paper."

From the Connecticut Real Estate Register.

IN NEW HARTFORD.—Farm of 100 acres; 30 acres wood (¾ timber) balance tillage; 60 young apple trees, grapes, etc.; cuts 25 tons of hay; mowing can be done by machine; keeps 13 head of stock in summer, 15 in winter. Tools are for sale. 1½ story house, 24x28, cellar 50x16; contains ten rooms, painted and in good condition. Horse barn 40x28, carriage house adjoining, 18x30; 1 barn, 40x28, with cow-house; shed floored, &c.; tobacco barn, 18x20; springs on the farm, and a good well of water at each barn and house. Located on the corner of three roads, on a hill; very level, and commands fine views; 20 large maple trees on each side of road; 2 miles from New Hartford (North Village); school, church, and R. R. Station at New Hartford, and 4 miles from Hartford. Price, $3,000; terms easy.

IN HARWINGTON.—100 acres; 25 to wood and timber, balance mowing, tillage and pasture. Land is smooth and well fenced; 100 apple trees in bearing; pear and peach trees, and other fruits. Cuts 25 tons of hay by machine; keeps 15 head of stock the year round. House is 1½ stories, 25x35, with L, 18x20, contains 8 rooms, and is in condition. Two barns, one 26x36, the other 24x30, in good order; carriage house, hog house, &c. Water at house by well, and in the barnyard by aqueduct. Stock and tools for sale. Located near by school, church, &c. Price, $2,500, half cash.

IN WILLINGTON.—A farm of 128 acres; 25 acres to wood land, 6 of timber, the balance mowing, pasture, and tillage. Produces best fruits in town; 100 apple trees, all in bearing; pears, peaches, cherries, currants, &c., &c. Cuts 25 tons of hay by machine; keeps 15 head of stock in summer and winter, and 30 head of sheep. 1½ story frame house, 28x32, all 18x48, contains 15 rooms, painted, blinded, and in good condition; barn 30x60; shed, 16x38; sheep house and wagon shed 24x24; good well of water at house, pump in the sink room; land watered by streams. Located 3 miles from Westford, within 80 rods of school, 2 miles of church, 6 miles from Railroad Station, at Stafford Springs, and 28 miles from Hartford. Stock and tools are for sale. Possession given any time. Price, only $4,500; terms, half cash.

IN CANTON.—150 acres; eight to wood and timber, balance mowing, tillage and pasture. Choice tobacco land. 150 apple trees, all in bearing. Cuts 80 tons of hay by machine; will keep 20 head of stock. Aqueduct water in the house, springs and streams on farm. House 1½ story with L, contains 2 x rooms, and in fair condition. Two barns in good order; good tobacco house with basement. Located one mile from school, one from church and three from depot. Stock and tools for sale. Price, $3,000; half cash.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.—A snug farm of 45 acres, conveniently located to Bristol village. 12 acres mowing; balance tillage, pasture and wood. 6 acres of young wood; large old oaks and chestnut trees, in pastures and other lots; 50 to 75 apple trees in bearing, producing from 400 to 500 bushels of fruit; variety of pear trees. 1½ story frame house, contains 10 rooms, and is in good order. There is, besides, a good barn with basement, an excellent horse barn, with hay loft, carriage house, with a good basement. Price, only $1,800. Terms easy. Will exchange for city property.

From Country Homes of Boston.

HALF a mile from village, (Brookfield) church, &c. A farm of 200 acres, 90 in hard wood, will cut 600 cords and some timber; good soil, level and free from stones; cut 60 tons of hay, keeps 30 head of cattle, 100 apple trees; 2 story house of 10 rooms, with barn 30x40, well located on high land, shade trees surround the house; near school. The land is very productive and adapted to grass and grain. The wood will more than half pay for the place. Is owned by a lady who must sell before planting. Price, only $3,700; half cash.

TWO miles northwest from the village, a farm of 90 acres, 50 in wood, will cut 500 cords and 100,000 feet of lumber; the balance is free from stones; cuts 8 tons of hay; keeps four cows and horse; 100 apple trees and considerable other fruit; 1½-story house of 6 rooms, old-fashioned but comfortable; needs painting; barn 32x40, carriage-house and hennery; the mill is in good running order, a new water-wheel was put in a short time ago at a cost of $100; the wood and timber, with a little labor, will more than pay for the whole. Price $2,000, $1,000 cash, balance at 6 per cent. interest.

TWO and one-fourth miles from the village and various churches, near school, a farm of 90 acres, 15 in old growth wood, will cut 200 cords and 100,000 feet of lumber; land level and free from stones; cuts 15 tons of hay, keeps 6 cows and horse; 90 ungrafted fruit trees, besides other fruit; 2-story house of 8 rooms, and L, very conveniently arranged; barn 40x50, carriage-house, shop, &c.; well located, on a good road, with superior neighbors; the wood and timber is worth the price asked for the whole. Now we know all about this place, and it is a wonderful bargain, only $1,400, $400 cash.

AT BROOKFIELD, well located, near good neighbors, a 65 acre farm, 17 in wood; will cut 300 cords and some good lumber, worth at least $600; level land; cuts 14 tons of hay and keeps 6 cows and horse; 80 fruit trees, producing 300 bushels apples, 20 bushels peaches and other fruit in season; water at house and barn; cottage house of 5 rooms with L; a good house, but rather old-fashioned; good barn, 36x36, with an excellent cellar. Price only $1,800; $600 cash; balance from the place. Any one seeking a low priced farm will find this a remarkable bargain.

THREE miles from depot (Hubbardston), 20 acres in wood, 300 cords; cuts 25 tons extra hay; keeps 12 cows and horse. 80 apple and pear trees, besides a young orchard. Cottage house with L, 7 rooms, painted. Barn 28x32, with wing 32x11, shed, &c.; all in comfortable repair; on main road; good neighbors; excellent location. Price $1,400. $900 cash, balance $300 per year.

From Massachusetts Ploughman.

A GREAT bargain. A farm of 100 acres in Worcester county; Well divided and fenced; good soil; from 600 to 800 cords of wood standing; 75 fruit trees in bearing. Cottage house with L, Barn 30x40 with cattle sheds attached. The buildings are rather old-fashioned but tight and comfortable. The farm is desirably located near several manufacturing villages, where there are good markets. Price only $1600, one-half cash.

A 64 ACRE farm for $1000, in Worcester county, near school and within 9 miles of a capital market. The land is well divided and well fenced; 800 cords of standing wood; keep 8 or 10 head of cattle and the hay can be cut by machine. Cottage house, 9 high studded rooms, painted, papered and blinded, in good repair. Barn 36x40 with shed, 18x36. Price only $1000.

It is evident from these notices that all the cheap lands in the country do not lie in the far West. It is also evident that nearness to market, either shipping ports or manufacturing towns do not fix the value of land for agricultural purposes. There was prosperity on these New England farms sometime, else these orchards would never have been planted, or all these buildings erected. We are told that the soil on these farms is good; and an extended article in one of the papers from which a part of these notices was taken, tells us that farming in New England pays. In no part of the country are the people so often or so strongly exhorted to engage in farming as in New England; and in no part of the world, perhaps, are appeals so frequently made to young people to remain on the homes of their ancestors. For all this, the population of the farming towns in New England is decreasing, and the people from choice leave the ancestral homesteads, around which cluster the improvements of centuries, for the active, busy West.

THE OTHER DAY.

The shadow of some hundred years
Falls on a mansion quaint and gray,
Where I, with mingled hopes and fears,
Whispered sweet secrets in the ears
Of one whom now I see through tears—
Only the other day.

Oh, Margaret! my Margaret!
As oft in rhyme I used to say:
Girl with the eyes of violet!
How in the pine wood walks we met
When early flowers with dew were wet!
'Twas but the other day.

When sunset skies were amethyst,
We to the woodlands found our way.
At eve our elders played at whist,
And we, of course, were never missed
When we stole out, and talked and kissed—
Only the other day.

I went across the salt-sea foam—
We corresponded while away.
Paris, I saw, Vienna, Rome,
The Bridge of Sighs, St. Peter's dome,
And then, with hungry heart, came home
By steam the other day.

My Madge was married to an earl!
(A goaty one, I'm glad to say;)
Her tresses have the self-same curl;
Through rose-bud lips you see the pearl;
But oh! she's not the little girl
I wooed the other day.

PERSONAL.

A LETTER from an officer of the Russian fleet at Shanghai, says that the Grand Duke Alexis will return by way of the Sandwich Islands and San Francisco. He is expected at San Francisco in September.

MADEMOISELLE PAULINE LUCCA will receive from Strakosh fifty thousand dollars and all her expenses paid, for a five months' tour in the United States in 1873.

ABT says the Americans have more talent for music than the English, and that the growth of musical taste here has been wonderful and promises a great future.

THE Shakspeare monument in Central Park, New York, was unveiled May 23. William Cullen Bryant delivered an oration, and Edwin Booth read a poem by Stoddard.

MISS KELLOGG made her fourth appearance on Thursday night, at her Majesty's opera, Drury Lane, London, in the role of Lucia di Lammermoor. The house was crowded, and the lady was enthusiastically applauded. The English critics continue to praise the acting and singing of the American prima donna.

REGARDING Prince Bismarck's illness, the Lancet has authority for stating that the nervous exhaustion, due to anxiety and overwork, has resulted in sleeplessness of such persistency that retirement from official duty is imperatively required.

VICTOR HUGO is in his seventy-first year, but is a straight, well preserved gentleman, apparently about fifty.

FRANZ ABT, the musical composer who has been received with so much gush by the Germans of this city, has made many thousands of people happy by his single air of "When the Swallows Homeward Fly." His father was a minister, and Franz was himself intended for the pulpit; but the old gentleman died and left the boy penniless, and to music he went for a living. Since then he has made a good thing of it, fame and fortune having come along with reasonable speed. He belongs to no end of musical organizations, has any number of diplomas and orders, and is in all respects one of the eminent musicators of the period.

THE performance of Patti at her farewell benefit in Vienna on the 25th of April, created one of the most remarkable of all her remarkable sensations. The performance consisted of portions of "Somnambula" and "Traviata." At the end of each act the drums were allowed, by special permission of the emperor, to play the salute that is usually accorded only to royalty. At the conclusion of the performance Madame Patti was invited to take her place on a throne erected on the stage, and the members of the orchestra and chorus then paid their adieux to the diva. Subsequently the members of the Musical Club serenaded the gifted prima donna at her hotel, in the presence of a vast concourse of people. Patti's rendering of the soprano in the opera of "Linda" was a great triumph. The musical critics declare that she surpasses all the other great artists who have played the part before her.

THE cottage where Tom Moore lived when in America still stands, on the west side of the Schuylkill, near Philadelphia. It is now within the limits of the Fairmount Park, near Belmont Station, on the river road.

The Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia.

The Centennial Commissioners appointed to make arrangements for the International Exhibition, to be held in Philadelphia, in 1876, to celebrate the centenary of the Declaration of Independence, who have been in session in this city for several days, have adopted a series of general regulations to accompany the President's proclamation. These regulations provide that the International Exhibition of 1876 shall be held in Fairmount Park, in the city of Philadelphia, commencing on April 19th, the date of the Battle of Lexington, and closing on October 19th, the date of the surrender of Cornwallis. An invitation is extended to every nation of the earth to be represented by its arts, industries, progress and developments. Each nation accepting the invitation is requested to appoint a commissaion, through which matters pertaining to its own interests shall be conducted, and it is specially desired that one member of each of such commissions shall be designated to reside in Philadelphia until the close of the exhibition. The privileges of exhibitors are granted only to citizens of countries whose governments have accepted the invitation to be represented, and have appointed commissions, through which all communications must be made. All articles intended for exhibition, in order to secure proper position and classification, must be in Philadelphia on or before January 1st, 1876. The Commissioners have made gratifying progress. The passage, however, of the bill in Congress to incorporate the Centennial Exposition Company is necessary to the effectual prosecution of their great work.

☞ A lady of Newburg, Maine, has framed the verdict a jury gave in her favor in a suit for breach of promise of marriage, and has hung it in her parlor, as a warning to triflers.

☞ A few days ago the Gallatin Bank of New York, received with its morning mail, the checks, notes and drafts, amounting to $46 000, stolen from the messenger of the bank a short time previously.

☞ FOR LADIES.—Dolly Vardens are worn everywhere in the country, though confined to morning wear in town.

☞ Potato bugs are woefully painted sitting up on their hind legs on Iowa fences, and weeping at the backwardness of the season.

STEAM-POWER

Book and Job Printing

Wedding Cards, Visiting Cards, Business Cards, Books, Catalogues, Briefs of Titles, Bill-Heads, Statements, Circulars, Checks, Pamphlets, Paper Books,

AND

ALL OTHER PRINTING.

Apply personally or by letter to

DEACON & PETERSON,

319 Walnut Street,

Or at the Printing Office in the rear, Nos. 108 & 110 Hudson Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

REPROACH.

Fierce the sea is, and fickle if fair.
So they say of it. No let it be!
But did ever the landsman's laugnor check
The seaman's pride in his dancing deck?
Or did ever the helmsman, whose home is there,
In place of his own true hand and eye,
Trust the ploughman's skill, when the sea ran high,
And submit to a landsman's usurpature?
No! For the seaman loveth the sea,
And knoweth its nature.

Peril there is on the mountain peak,
When headlong tumble the turbulent rills.
But did ever the lowland shepherd's fear
Daunt the heart of the mountaineer?
Or did ever the hill-born hunter seek,
When the snowdrift, sweeping the mountain wide,
Flies fast and fierce, for a lowland guide
To track the path of a mountain creature?
No. For the huntsman loveth the hills,
And knoweth their nature.

Then to whom shall the sailor for counsel go,
Through the violent waters his bark to steer?
Or what, through the ice and the falling snow,
May guide the foot of the mountaineer?
Hath the huntsman heed of the pastoral trills
Which the shepherd pipes to his flocks on the lea?
Or the seaman faith in the fear that fills
The landsman's babbling prate? Not he!
For the heights and the depths have their ways and wills,
Which they must learn who their lords would be;
And the highlander studies and trusts the hills,
As the mariner studies and trusts the sea.

But, O my love, I am thine in vain,
If thou trustest me not! And, oh! why hast thou ta'en
Counsel not of my nature nor thine
How a woman should deal with this heart of mine?
The seaman the sea doth trust,
And the huntsman the hills. But thou,
Thou that hast known me, dost
Trust those that I scorn to know
For the knowledge of me?
Who have been thine own
In vain, if by thee
I be still unknown.

MARK JARRETT'S DAISY.

THE WILD FLOWER OF HAZELBROOK.

BY PIERCE EGAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE FLOWER OF THE FLOCK," "VIOLET; OR, THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE," &c.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE HEIR AT LAW.

The death of Mark Vane Guy Gray Luttrell Earl of Templecombe was duly chronicled in the leading daily journals, and at first the announcement excited but little attention in fashionable circles, and less in the lower stratum of society.

The fact is, the earl for many years had been "out of the world," and the surprise manifested by the few who were startled by the appearance of his name in the published obituary was less to learn that he was dead, than that he had been so long living. For a lengthened period he had lived what is termed a rattling life, being a great sportsman and "a man about town;" but of a sudden he was smitten down, it was said, by a terrible and fierce fever, which he struggled with desperately and successfully; yet, though he came out of the strife victorious, he never entered fast society again.

He had been twice married. The first time to a woman of very high birth and position, cold as an icicle, and haughty beyond ordinary conception, whom he hated more bitterly than she scorned him. Three sons were the issue of this marriage, the eldest of whom was killed while hunting, the second was cast overboard on a voyage to India, the third was buried by an avalanche on the Alps. He married again, a young, beautiful creature, the fourth daughter of a marquis, with proclivities for a fast, gay life, and an indifference to the approval of "precise people" quite as strongly developed as his own, and which, as a natural consequence, ended in a separation.

Not, however, until after the birth of four sons, the last two being twins, named respectively Guy and Gray. The eldest boy, who was the heir to the earldom, following the course of fatality which had attended the preceding family, died at college of typhoid fever, his younger brother, the next heir, in a fit of passion blew out the brains of one of his father's gamekeepers while shooting in a preserve, and then hanged himself on a branch of an oak-tree in the same wood. The twins were thus left to represent the earldom, and to dispute the succession to the title. Before they had attained their majority, but when just on the eve of doing so, both disappeared, and had not since been seen or heard of.

There was a rumor that they had quarrelled and fought, that one had fallen, and the survivor had afterwards destroyed himself: but this story was never traced to any reliable source.

It was at this period that the Earl of Templecombe was struck down by the fever, and the countess, who had lived secluded and penitent, gave up the ghost. The earl came no more into the world after this; his form went out of men's eyes, and his very name out of their minds.

Until now.

That is to say, a certain number of interested persons, on hearing of his death, were thrown into a state of great agitation and excitement, and proceeded without an instant's loss of time to display the most active energy.

The death took place at Templecombe Priory, a seat of the earl's in a secluded but exceedingly picturesque part of Wiltshire. He had lived there for years immured as it were, scarcely ever moving abroad, and receiving no company at home. The house was very large, but he had caused all but one wing to be closed up, and in a few apartments, attended only by an old steward and his aged wife, and two or three elderly domestics, he passed his life a complete recluse.

He was found lying stark dead on the floor of his library, prone, with his hand stretched forward as if he had been clutching at something and had fallen as he had grasped at it. He had been dead many hours, for he had not been missed from the little room in which he closed his life away, and when his absence was discovered the library was the very last place where the servants thought of searching for him.

The doctor arrived on being hastily sent for, but only to confirm that he was dead, and long past any hope of recovery. Then the earl's confidential lawyer was summoned by the steward, who really knew not for whom else to send.

The solicitor, Mr. Chough Jurgeson, an elderly member of the profession, having extensive chambers in St. James's-square, London, West, and a large practice among the old nobility—a superlatively pompous and inflated person—at once came down to the Priory, and assumed the command and control of everything. He arranged the funeral, and ordered that the body should be buried in a small family vault in the churchyard at Templecombe, that he should act as chief mourner, and only the servants of the household in addition should follow the body to the grave.

However, on the morning of the funeral, a carriage with four post-horses drove up to the entrance to the inhabited wing, and a gentleman, muffled up, alighted, and, with an erect and something like a determined bearing, waved aside without answering the old servants who had opened the door, and strode up the passage to a room in which Mr. Chough Jurgeson was giving directions after the manner of a short-winded bashaw who had not seen his toes for many years.

As the stranger without ceremony entered the apartment, strode up to the table, and flung his hat upon it, Mr. Chough Jurgeson raised his eyebrows as far up his forehead as they would stretch, and his eyelids followed them.

"Upon—my—word!" he ejaculated, fatly, "what is the meaning of this obtrusion?"

"Who are you?" demanded the stranger, sharply and haughtily.

"Who am I?" repeated Mr. Chough Jurgeson, as if he disputed the correctness of his hearing.

"My question was a plain one; answer it," rejoined the new comer, sharply and sternly.

Mr. Chough Jurgeson's dealings with the very highest branches of the aristocracy enabled him to detect that he was being "interviewed" by a gentleman of position. Whom it might turn out to be it was impossible to tell; and, therefore, cautiously, briefly, and distantly, he said—

"I am Mr. Chough Jurgeson, the late earl's man of business; and under his latest instructions have the sole management and direction of his affairs."

"That will do," returned the intruder, throwing aside his cloak. "I am Alvanley Rokeby, of Belgravia, of Dovedale Manor, Derbyshire, and Fairholme Priors, Hants."

Mr. Chough Jurgeson inflated his nostrils slightly, set his head a little back, and permitted his white, fat fingers to wander in search of his watch-chain.

"I am acquainted with your name and position, Mr. Rokeby," he responded, rather supercilliously; "but that does not help me to a solution of the cause of your presence here."

"I am allied by marriage to the late earl through his first wife," returned Mr. Rokeby, imperiously. "I am allied to him by marriage also to a member of his second family. I present myself here to-day to attend the funeral of the late earl, to hear the will read, and to watch and protect their interests as far as may be needful."

"Whose interests?" demanded Mr. Chough Jurgeson, with a shrug of his shoulders, as if Mr. Rokeby had made reference to some Laplanders.

"The interests of the individuals whom I represent," he returned, with decision.

"You have not named them," suggested Mr. Chough Jurgeson, with an expression of lofty derision on his face which moved Mr. Rokeby much.

"You shall have their names in good time, you can assure yourself," he exclaimed, rather irately. "In the meantime, I desire to learn whether an heir-at-law has appeared to prefer a claim to the title and estates? If so, be good enough to tell me who he is, and on what nearness of blood or other ground he bases his claim. It may simplify matters."

"I beg your pardon. I do not recognize your right to put that question to me," rejoined Mr. Chough Jurgeson, in his most lofty professional style.

"You have a feeble memory," retorted Mr Rokeby, in his turn, haughtily. "I have already put you in possession of my right to be, and the object with which I am here. Further, I intimate to you that it is my intention to contest the claim of any person who may present himself here as heir-at-law."

"In-deed!" ejaculated a soft voice from the threshold of the door.

Mr. Rokeby and Mr. Chough Jurgeson swung round as if they had heard from thence a report from the throat of the "Woolwich Infant," the new 750 pounder, and to their surprise beheld an individual leaning at his ease against the doorpost, who presented the appearance of an intoxicated undertaker. He was attired in an ill-fitting suit of black, and round his throat was an excess of white neckcloth, which looked as if it had already done duty at many funerals.

He had evidently listened, and had no doubt heard every word that had passed between Mr. Rokeby and Mr. Chough Jurgeson.

The latter gentleman, mistaking the new comer for a drunken mute, who had under an aberration of mind lost himself in his wanderings among the passages, exclaimed, with authoritative indignation—

"How dare you, fellow! Go away this moment! Be off! Go away, man; and keep in your proper place!"

Instead, however, of following this advice, the simulated undertaker moved slowly into the room, and turned a very bright red face, light eyelashes, and white eyebrows, to Mr. Chough Jurgeson. He screwed up his eyes and his lips very closely, shook his head with a short, rapid motion, and made repressive gestures with his hands.

"Sh-sh-sh-sh-sh-sh," he hissed, quickly, as he advanced towards Mr. Chough Jurgeson, petrifying that gentleman with amazement. "Don't, don't, there's a good man. Don't forget yourself, pray don't; it isn't professional. Sh-sh sh-sh-sh!"

"Why, you insufferable vagabond, what do you mean?" spluttered Mr. Chough Jurgeson, trembling with scarcely suppressed rage. "How dare you thrust your offensive person in here? Go away, man; or—"

"Sh-sh-sh-sh sh," interrupted the remarkable intruder, screwing up eyes and lips again, and shaking his head reprovingly. "Bad—bad—bad!" he exclaimed, with a noise from his lips as if he were sipping hot soup. "Very bad! You shouldn't betray temper, Jurgeson; in your capacity it is wrong."

Mr. Chough Jurgeson looked as if he were smitten with palsy. He laughed spasmodically. Was the inebriated beast also a lunatic?

Mr. Rokeby was equally exasperated, and frowning angrily, he said, quite fiercely—

"What the devil are you doing here? Remove yourself, or I'll have you flung out of the building."

The man lifted up his hands deprecatingly, and peering at Mr. Rokeby through his nearly closed eyelids, he again "hished!" rapidly, and then whispered deprecatingly—

"Be quiet! *Do* be quiet and calm! You are not a professional I know, and we rather look for rash and inconsiderate ebullitions in men of your class. The absurdity is natural; but Jurgeson! oh fie! bad! bad!"

Mr. Chough Jurgeson made a dash at the bell; but the intruder, like an eel, sprang before him, and pushed him back

"Are you drunk, Jurgeson?" he cried, in a louder and a more decidedly admonitory tone. "Really this is too bad. Such awful bad taste. I did not expect it of *you!*"

Mr. Rokeby was quite bewildered, and Mr. Chough Jurgeson felt delirious.

"Who the devil are you? and what do you want here?" cried Mr. Rokeby, furiously.

"That is sensible, and to the purpose," returned the curious ranger peering at Mr. Rokeby as if his face were an unclouded sun. "I will answer that. As I arrived at the door of this room, I heard you declare your intention to contest the claim of any person who might lay claim to be heir-at-law to the Templecombe title and estates."

"Well," ejaculated Mr. Rokeby, elevating his eyebrows, and staring hard at the scarlet countenance before him.

"I am here to prefer that claim," was the rejoinder.

"You!" cried Mr. Rokeby, astounded.

"You!" ejaculated Mr. Chough Jurgeson, faintly, as if he more than suspected that by some magic power unknown to him he had been transported into a lunatic asylum.

"You! Who are you?"

"That is, properly speaking, we represent the claimant—we, Tatchmax, Lowe and Maxtatch. I am Tatchmax, ahem! You know the firm, Jurgeson? Has as high, if not a higher standing in the profession than your own."

Mr. Jurgeson "ahemmed" too. He did know the firm. It was one of considerable standing in the profession, and had the reputation of being what may be termed unscrupulously sharp. He altered his tone at once, and making an apologetic bow, he observed—

"You see you entered so abruptly that—"

"That will do, Jurgeson," interrupted Mr. Tatchmax, with a repressive gesture. "I found the door open, no one to take my card, and, of course, I found my way, an unexpected guest; but here I am, and here I shall take my stand."

"But at whose suit?" demanded Chough Jurgeson.

"The suit of Guy Luttrell," he answered, emphatically.

"He is dead!" cried Mr. Rokeby and Mr. Chough Jurgeson together.

Mr. Tatchmax smiled.

"We shall prove that he is as much alive as you are, Jurgeson, and not likely to die so soon. You look as if you had fatty degeneration of the brain—no, I mean heart."

Mr. Chough Jurgeson was about to reply, when he was interrupted by a sudden tramping of many feet, preceded by the quicker pattering of one pair.

An old domestic suddenly presented himself at the doorway, and pointing down the corridor, said, hastily, to Mr. Chough Jurgeson—

"Here be a party o' gentlefolk comin'. They wouldn't bide to know if you'd a see 'em, but here they be."

At the same instant a throng of individuals entered, and advanced to the centre of the room.

Mr. Rokeby, to his unqualified amazement, beheld among the party his son Wilfred and his nephew, Bertie Rokeby. There was also Colonel Waldron, and, to his extreme mortification and rage, Lord Belvoir. There were three or four other persons whom he did not recognize, except that they had the peculiar confident bearing by which at such meetings solicitors may mostly be recognized.

But no one could have looked more utterly mystified and astounded than Mr. Chough Jurgeson, who had not expected to see even a friend of the family attend the funeral, much less a cloud of claimants to be present at the reading of the will.

He, therefore, spread out his hands, and in a tone of astonishment, exclaimed—

"Gentlemen, I am quite at a loss to understand the meaning of this—pardon me—unseemly intrusion."

Half-a-dozen voices answered at once; but Lord Belvoir, who had made his way so as to confront the solicitor, replied, in a stern tone of rebuke—

"If you had done your duty as solicitor to the estate you would have summoned many whom I find here present on this grave occasion without notice. I come, sir, to protect and to watch the interests of Gray Luttrell."

"He is dead!" chanted a chorus of voices, scornfully.

"Who is prepared to substantiate that statement?" demanded Lord Belvoir, in a loud voice.

An abrupt silence followed this challenge.

At this juncture there came from the distance the sudden and solemn tolling of a church bell.

It was to herald the approach of the dead.

The sound seemed to strike and vibrate on the hearts of all. The stillness which had been impulsively observed was broken by the sudden appearance of the legitimate undertaker, beclouked and hatbanded, who almost bounded into the apartment. He looked out, and addressed Mr. Chough Jurgeson, saying to him, in a lively, smiling way, as if inviting him to start for a picnic—

"Now, sir, if you please. We are just ready to set out. We are waiting for you. Please to follow me and be robed."

Those words sounded like the shrill blast of a trumpet upon all, and each awakened to active energy.

"Mr. Jurgeson, do you follow the late earl by his instructions?" demanded Mr. Rokeby, with parched lips and tongue, but with his eye, bright and red as Mars on a wintry night, fastened on Lord Belvoir.

"I am about to act as chief mourner," returned Mr. Chough Jurgeson, evasively.

"By whose authority?" exclaimed Lord Belvoir, Mr. Rokeby, Mr. Tatchmax, and two or three other voices together.

"By whose authority?" repeated Mr. Chough Jurgeson, expanding his chest and blowing out his cheeks, as if he had been asked the most absurd conundrum conceivable, "I do not acknowledge the right of any individual whom I see here to question my proceeding in this matter. I have been for some years the confidential legal adviser of the late earl. I am the custodian of his trusts, and various other documents. I shall be the exponent of his last testament, and, in short, I am acting on my own convictions of what is proper, and my own responsibility, which I shall be ready to defend at all times and in any place. It is my intention to act as chief mourner, and, therefore, I request you to give way, that I may perform the solemn duty now expected of me."

"Expected of you! Monstrous!" cried Mr. Rokeby, impetuously.

"I dispute your right to take upon yourself any such duty, on behalf of Gray Luttrell," exclaimed Lord Belvoir, in a determined voice.

"And I, on behalf of Guy Luttrell," appended Mr. Tatchmax, emphatically.

Mr. Rokeby started, and looked bewildered at the iteration of those two names; but with equal emphasis, he added—

"And I, on behalf of the heir-at-law."

"You mean, of course, Miss Gabrielle Luttrell?" subjoined Colonel Waldron, addressing Mr. Rokeby.

"Indeed, colonel, I do nothing of the kind," responded Mr. Rokeby, haughtily.

"N-i!" he ejaculated, with an astounded look.

"No!" replied Mr. Rokeby, flatly.

"Then I do," exclaimed the colonel, reddening with anger, "for that she is his next of kin, and entitled to all the personality, there cannot be a shadow of a doubt."

There arose a low, scornful laugh from the lips of Lord Belvoir, a whistle from Mr. Tatchmax, and an impatient "Pish!" from Mr. Rokeby.

Colonel Waldron was not more astounded than Wilfred at the significant response the colonel's proffered championship of Gabrielle's interests excited, and he involuntarily exclaimed—

"I was always led to believe that Gabrielle Luttrell, as the only daughter of the late Gray Luttrell—"

"Silence, sir!" interrupted his father, fiercely. "Your presence here is an unlooked-for inconvenience. Do not aggravate it by inconsiderate and ill-timed speeches."

"And, Master Wil, be careful how you refer to Gray Luttrell as 'the late,' subjoined Lord Belvoir, with a familiarity which stung Wil to the quick.

He turned furiously to the speaker, and was about to utter something with his usual rash impetuosity, when the expression on Lord Belvoir's countenance brought the remembrance of his mother's reference to him to his mind, and he sank back abashed.

"Now, sir, *if* you please. We shall keep the clergyman waiting," interposed the active undertaker.

"Gentlemen, give way," exclaimed Mr. Chough Jurgeson, in a tone almost choked with excitement.

"Not that you should arrogate to yourself a position to which you have not the smallest claim," objected Lord Belvoir.

"Certainly not," acquiesced Mr. Tatchmax.

"Will you dare to use violence?" interrogated Mr. Chough Jurgeson, with an agitated nervousness.

"Without doubt, if you persist," responded Lord Belvoir, firmly. "There is a legitimate chief mourner."

"Produce him, then," almost screamed Mr. Chough Jurgeson.

"At the proper time he will appear," answered Lord Belvoir, "but not to-day."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Mr. Tatchmax, inwardly. "You mean to say, my lord, that is my case."

"Can either of you produce Mr. Guy or Mr. Gray Luttrell, or both?" interrogated Mr. Rokeby, addressing them with a wild look about the eyes, and pressing his temples with both palms, as if he felt demented.

"We shall produce the true heir at the proper moment, be assured," returned Lord Belvoir, confidently. "This is not the time, for important reasons."

"Ahem! *We* undertake to produce the true heir at the rightful moment, never fear," appended Mr. Tatchmax, with a chuckle. "It would be indiscreet to do so now."

"But there must be a chief mourner, now," urged Mr. Chough Jurgeson, emphatically, feeling that he ought to be the ruling power here, and yet, somehow, was not. "In the absence of any person affecting to be the heir—and unless you bring the two gentlemen just named out of the land of spirits, you can't produce *them*—I, as the man of business of the late earl, and his legal representative, shall certainly claim to act as chief mourner."

"Not while I am near!" exclaimed Lord Belvoir peremptorily.

"Nor while I represent my client, I think," subjoined Mr. Tatchmax, with an expressive nod of the head. "That is, if there be any virtue in the law of the strong arm—"

"One moment," interposed Mr. Rokeby, eagerly, as if seized with a sudden inspiration; "I have a suggestion to make. Be good enough to accord me a little patient silence. I am allied to the late earl through his marriage with his first wife. I am further connected by his son's marriage—a son who, if living, might—"

"Is!" cried Lord Belvoir and Mr. Tatchmax together.

"Be—pleased—to—hear—me—out," rejoined Mr. Rokeby, elevating his voice. "I say might be, one or the other—both could not be heir-at-law. Now, as neither Gray nor Guy Luttrell are present, and cannot be, to my thinking, for I have it on I might say almost unquestionable authority that both are dead—"

"Unquestionable authority—pshaw!" interrupted Lord Belvoir. "It would not bear a moment's examination."

"Bah!" cried Mr. Tatchmax, derisively. "not worth a pinch of filth called Scotch snuff. Nor worth that."

And he snapped his thumb and finger with a loud smack.

"Pray listen to me in peace for a minute!" shouted Mr. Rokeby, throwing up his clenched fists in the air, and speaking with great excitement. "Fight afterwards if you will."

"Go on Rokeby,!" ejaculated Lord Belvoir, impatiently.

"You are such a *while*, Rokeby," added Mr. Tatchmax, restively.

"Now Mr. Jurgeson, sir, be pleased to come. You are keeping everybody at church waiting," chimed in the undertaker, holding up his hat with half-a-dozen yards of glossy silk waving from it like a black flag.

The whole community turned upon him like a pack of wolves, and barked—

"Silence, fellow!"

He lowered his flag and slunk back, a disconcerted funeral furnisher.

Mr. Rokeby, clearing his throat, continued—

"Allied as I am to the late earl, being a man of some position, and having actually to take considerable property under the succession, I regard myself, under the extraordinary circumstances, as the most proper representative here of the heir-at-law, and, am ready, if you will, to act as chief mourner."

"I agree to that proposition," exclaimed Lord Belvoir, promptly.

"I likewise assent to it, as the best and safest course under the circumstances," concurred Mr. Tatchmax.

"But I beg to say I do not consent," objected Mr. Chough Jurgeson, with a puffing indignation.

"Your consent is not asked; it is not required. Keep to your position, sir, retorted Lord Belvoir, with an imperious wave of the hand.

"Be quiet, Jurgeson—don't presume. Don't play the pompous here, it is *bad* taste," chimed in Mr. Tatchmax, patting Mr. Chough Jurgeson, who was white with wrath, on the breast. "You shouldn't."

"Lead the way, undertaker, and robe me," exclaimed Mr. Rokeby, advancing to him, and following him out of the room.

"But I protest against this arrangement!" half shrieked Mr. Chough Jurgeson, struggling to follow Mr. Rokeby.

He was, however, forced back, and Mr. Tatchmax, confronting him, said, with a kind of soothing, assuaging tone, as he might have used to a crying child—

"You can protest—stay here and, do it until you are black in the face—but then it will not alter the arrangement. If you will take my advice, you will accept the position in the form it has assumed, and you can follow the body as a mourner, if you will; but not as chief mourner."

"I will follow it, at all events," responded Mr. Chough Jurgeson, indignantly. "I protest against these most indecent proceedings, which are opposed to everything which is proper and regular, and I shall take action—"

"As you may be advised. There, go and get your black traps on, and be off with you," interposed Mr. Tatchmax, pushing him out of the chamber.

Immediately he was gone, the rest followed to the room where the undertaker had already decorated Mr. Rokeby with sable garments. Mr. Chough Jurgeson disrobed an old domestic, and donned his cloak and hat; but neither Lord Belvoir nor Mr. Tatchmax followed his example. Yet when the funeral *cortege* was arranged and set out, they followed in their own carriages—with which both were provided—as mourners, too.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE WILL—STARTLING DISCOVERY.

It was a dark, dismal, murky day; a bitter, penetrating cold wind blew in fierce roaring gusts, and bore with it an icy, misty rain, whirling it in sheets fantastically, as if it were sleet, and chilling to the marrow those who had to loiter about in it.

The village church, in the chancel of which stood the tomb of the Templecombes, was situated on an eminence in the centre of an extensive graveyard, turf-covered, and intersected with sinuous gravel paths. Its ancient ivy-covered, square, embattled tower stood up frowningly against the leaden overhanging sky, and the belt of aged elms and solemn yews, which almost surrounded it, clustered blackly and sadly, as if they participated in the affliction they so constantly overlooked.

The distance from the roadway to the church, the entrance-gate being at the farthest point of the enclosed land, was considerable, and here the body was removed from the hearse and carried on men's shoulders up the gravelled pathway, preceded by the clergyman.

Whether Mr. Chough Jurgeson had acted on positive instructions or not, it was very certain that he had arranged for the funeral procession to be of meagre proportions, and of the simplest kind. There were, it is true, a rich black silk velvet pall and the usual feathers, men with batons, and hired pall-bearers, but anything in the shape of funeral pomp there was none.

As soon as the coffin was set in motion Mr. Rokeby prepared to assume his self-appointed *role* as chief mourner, but he had not advanced half-a-dozen paces before an iron grasp caught him by the shoulder, and he felt himself swung aside with rude violence.

As he reeled and strove to keep his footing, a man, with a white face and an uplifted clenched fist, followed him closely, growling guturally—

"Dog! how dare you take that high position? Back with you, and slink off like the hound you are, or, despite this solemnity, I'll beat your skull in with my fist!"

Mr. Rokeby glared with distended eyes on the face of his assailant, and he, too, became instantly white with excitement.

"Jarrett!—villain!" he gasped, in furious wrath, and made a dash at the aggressor's throat, but before he could close with him both were seized, in an instant separated from each other, and hurried in opposite directions.

Mark Jarrett, if it were he, by Mr. Tatchmax, and Mr. Rokeby by his son Wil, who restored him to his position at the head of the procession. Mr. Chough Jurgeson had, when Mr. Rokeby was hustled from it, instantly slipped into it; but as Wil conveyed his father to it, Bertie Rokeby quietly, but effectually, moved him back to his original place.

Slowly and gravely, at least outwardly, the train wound up the pathway—the clergyman, an old, white-haired man, thin and erect, reading the service for the dead in a clear and almost sonorous voice, yet with small influence upon those who took part in the ceremonial. Scarcely one who followed or accompanied the stark lifeless body to its last resting-place had a thought for the eternal welfare of the dead, or even consciously listened to the affecting words of that solemn supplication.

Too many of them were deeply interested in the issues to which the earl's death would give rise to think of him or his future. They thought only of their own, and thought of it with an absorbing excitement.

Agitated as Mr. Rokeby was, still as he walked with a bowed head, and slow, measured step, he cast his eyes among the lines right and left of the spectators who skirted the gravel walk, as if expecting to perceive among the faces which met his gaze one or more whose proximity he anticipated; but whose presence there, or even in the immediate neighborhood, it was important to him to be acquainted with.

To his surprise, he detected the features of his house steward, Dean, who was shrinking behind a woman who retained more than the traces of considerable personal beauty, but whose lineaments bore signs of the course of fierce passions and bitter trials.

A few paces farther he discovered his rascally agent, Titus Vink, who was evidently in the disguise of a travelling horse-stealer, afflicted with a severe catarrh, caught through having been drawn through a horse-pond, after having been detected in filching a poor widow's donkey. He held a very much soiled red cotton handkerchief before his features until he saw Mr. Rokeby's eyes fasten on him, then he disclosed them for an instant, pointed in the direction in which Dean had been crouched behind the woman, slid away from the spot on which he had been standing, and vanished like a phantom.

Yet more to startle Mr. Rokeby, as the body of the late earl passed under the porch into the body of the church, he heard a moan break from the lips of one who was standing in the shadow of the covered, arched entrance, and to his amazement beheld again the face of Jarrett, although inconceivably altered in its expression. The features, instead of betraying fierce and brutal fury, were composed and sad, and looked almost sublime in their silent grief. An instant, and that had vanished too, and he was ushered into the late earl's family pew, to listen to the prayers for the repose of the soul of the departed, and to offer up his entreaties for mercy at the last dread day, if he felt it to be his duty to do it.

But, no; his mind was in a whirl—a delirium—and he saw here and there faces flashed upon him, making him believe that he was still the principal in an awful dream.

Now, Lord Belvoir's countenance glared scornfully and gibingly upon him, and near to it—all too near—the yet beautiful face of his wife. That could not be, however, it must be a mere delusion, and he turned his eyes away to discover, as he fancied, the sweet young face of Mark Jarrett's Daisy. He covered his eyes with his hands for a moment, and then removing them, turned his gaze to the gallery. In another part of the church, peering between the interval of a small divided curtain in front of a pew, he again beheld, to his fright, the face of Mark Jarrett's Daisy, as he had seen it near the end of the aisle below, though not a minute had elapsed since he had looked upon it.

"I am going mad," he muttered, as he bent his head down low, and pressed his burning hands on his yet more burning temples.

After this he had only a hazy comprehension of what was going on. He was aware of the coffin being lowered into the vault, of shuddering on its brink, when he heard the mould rattle upon it as an awe-inspiring accompaniment to the words, "Dust to dust," of being out in the beating, blinding rain, and hearing the roaring of the tempest, as it howled through and bent down the grim old trees in the churchyard and its neighborhood.

It was with a sense of relief that he found himself again within Templecombe Priory, in a large room, surrounded by a number of excited men, who had already cast aside the trappings and even the semblance of woe, and heard a dozen voices at once badgering Mr. Chough Jurgeson, who looked swelled, more inflated than ever, white-hot, and with hair erect, as if into the bargain he was undergoing a course of electrical shocks from a strong battery.

There was much protesting on his part, and vehement assertions of right on the parts of others. At last, with a simultaneous burst they all appealed to Mr Rokeby to give his opinion, if not his decision, in favor of both parties.

He was obliged in stentorian tones to entreat them to cease their clamor, to remember that it was a grave solemnity which had brought them together, and at least to preserve an outward show of decorum, whatever might be their indifference to the memory of the late earl.

At this appeal something like silence was accorded, and then Mr. Chough Jurgeson exclaimed, panting for breath—

"I am the sole legal adviser of the late earl, and although it would be one of my duties to read the last will and testament of the late earl to assembled relatives and legatees, I do not see before me any one individual whom I can recognize here as possessing such a claim."

"I beg your pardon," exclaimed Mr. Rokeby, Lord Belvoir, Mr. Tatchmax, Colonel Waldron, and two or three other gentlemen, with one voice, "I claim!"

Mr. Chough Jurgeson raised up both his hands.

"I deny—I dispute it—I do not know any of you, and if I had a sufficient force here, I would have every man Jack of you turned out of the Priory."

A yell of derision was the response to this implied menace.

"How dare you say that to me, Alvanley Rokeby?" cried that gentleman, with indignant wrath. "You know me, Mr. Jurgeson and you know that, at least, I am a relative of the late earl."

"Oh!—ah!—yes, I forgot you—a Mr. Albany Rokingham," returned Mr. Chough Jurgeson, so painfully flurried as to wrongly name him. "You—yes you do, I think, take something under the will. I have no objection to read the document to you."

"No objection!" repeated Mr. Rokeby, with ire; "I insist upon your doing so!"

"What, before all these persons, who have not a title of right to appear here!" submitted Mr. Chough Jurgeson, with a lofty professional dictatorial tone.

"Before the whole world!" cried Mr. Rokeby, passionately. "We have had enough of concealment and mystery, let us have the light of day shine on everything now!"

A murmured cheer broke from the assembled throng.

"Now, Jurgeson, bring out the will!" exclaimed Mr. Tatchmax, screwing up his eyes and mouth! "you are such a *while!*"

"Yes, bring forth the will!" adjoined Lord Belvoir.

"Bring forth the will! echoed Colonel Waldron. "This delay is monstrous!"

Mr. Rokeby turned swiftly to him.

"Colonel Waldron," he exclaimed sternly "I must request you to be silent. You have no semblance of a claim to be here to-day. Your remarks are therefore gratuitous and obtrusive."

The Colonel's face paled, and assuming an imperious bearing, he replied—

"You said, Rokeby, that you did not intend to watch or defend the interests of your niece, Miss Gabrielle Luttrell."

"I did!" he answered, firmly.

"Then I do!" Colonel Waldron rejoined, emphatically. "She is his next of kin!"

"Pooh!" cried Mr. Tatchmax, scoffingly.

"Who?" interrogated Mr. Chough Jurgeson, elevating his eyebrows.

"Miss Gabrielle Luttrell, the only daughter of the late Gray Luttrell, and sole living representative of the late earl of Templecombe, therefore his next of kin, and entitled to all his personality at least," rejoined the Colonel, folding his arms and assuming an air of defiance.

"Bah!" cried Mr. Tatchmax, with a jeering laugh; "if she were all that, and ever so much more, her claim would not be worth the I O U of a fraudulent bankrupt."

"She is not even a Luttrell!" exclaimed Lord Belvoir, with emphasis.

"Not a Luttrell?" repeated Colonel Waldron, his face growing whiter still. "Wh—wh—what do you know about Miss Gabrielle—"

"Enough that she is not a Luttrell," reiterated Lord Belvoir.

"Who says Miss Gabrielle, of Fairholme Priors, is not a Luttrell? I say she is!" sharply exclaimed a female voice, in a loud, clear, ringing tone.

All turned round, to behold Joyse Stoke standing in their midst, with a resolute demeanor, as if she knew she had a right to be there. No one had noticed her entrance, but there she was among them, having been evidently one of the first—perhaps the first—who had entered the room.

"You?" demanded half-a-dozen voices. "You, woman! What do you know about it?"

"Ask Mr. Rokeby," she returned, doggedly. "He knows that he received the little Gabrielle from Joyse Stoke. I am Joyse Stoke. I ought to know from whom I took her."

"But can you prove it?" demanded Mr. Chough Jurgeson, excitedly. "It will be a most important fact if you can prove what you assert, woman."

"I can, and I will," she answered, in a most emphatic tone.

"You stole her, I suppose?" he suggested.

"I stole her," she replied, firmly, "and with a terribly sufficient motive. Ask him," she added, pointing to Colonel Waldron, who shrunk back with the face of a ghost, as he looked with restless, shifting gaze upon the handsome and determined lineaments of the strange woman.

Mr. Rokeby felt a swelling in his throat. If Gabrielle should be the sole surviving daughter of the dead Gray Luttrell, after all! Then, again, he started with a bewildered feeling. Why, were there not here two men who positively declared that they represented the twin sons of the earl—represented them as living men, and not dead, as has been for so long believed? What was he to think? Nevertheless, if either or both were living, and Gabrielle was the daughter of Gray, as the woman averred, the fact would be still of the greatest moment to him.

He moved to her.

"Joyse Stoke," he said, quickly, and not without agitation, "I can substantiate one part of your story. Now, can you prove the other—that is to say, that Gabrielle is the daughter of—"

"I object to that—I object to any such statement," interrupted Mr. Tatchmax, peremptorily. "I shall hereafter produce the heir-at-law. That will be the time to raise the question whether the young lady is or is not his daughter. If we produce the heir, she is nowhere; if we don't, then let her submit her proofs, and establish them."

"I agree to that," observed Lord Belvoir. "The introduction of the lady's name is at present a needless waste of time."

"But I beg to say I think it of the utmost importance at this moment," interposed Mr. Chough Jurgeson. "I will take down your address, my good woman," he added, addressing Joyse Stoke.

"Ask it of Colonel Waldron, who stands before me like a beaten hound," she answered, in a voice of supreme scorn, as she bent her bright dark eyes, with fierce hate in them, upon him "He will always be able to furnish it to you, for from to-day I shall be as his shadow."

She waved her hand imperiously, and walked with quite a stately air from the room.

Her departure was watched in silence, and as she vanished through the doorway, Mr. Tatchmax turned to Colonel Waldron, screwed up his eyes and mouth, and hissed rather than ejaculated—

"Who's she, colonel—who's she?"

He started as if out of a dead sleep, and with an impatient gesture, said, fiercely, to Mr. Tatchmax, as he advanced upon him, and treading on his toes, forced him backwards—

"How should I know, idiot? A drunken, mad gipsy, for aught I know or care."

Mr. Tatchmax placed his hand on the colonel's chest, and thrust him back in turn, as he screamed loudly, with parsed-up lips and scarcely visible eyes—

"An important witness for your client,

colonel. I wouldn't offend her if I were you She knows you—she knows you—there's no doubt about that. Perhaps you owe her something?"

"Reparation!" shrieked a woman's voice from the corridor.

Then followed a harsh laugh, which died away in the distance.

Before it had ceased, Lord Belvoir, addressing Mr. Rokeby, without noticing the last incident, said, with dignity, yet with some impatience—

"These are really very childish and improper proceedings at such a time as this. There may be, and it appears there are, separate claims to the title and the estates, but they can be advanced in the proper legal form, and at the suitable time and place."

"Hear, hear," gurgled Mr. Chough Jurgeson.

"At the present moment our sole object is to hear the will read, and to learn the dispositions, the last wishes and instructions of the late earl," he continued. "When we know them we can contest for the right of giving them force; but now, Rokeby, let us assume an attitude of decorous silence, and listen attentively to Mr. Chough Jurgeson while he reads the testament. I must request you, in the name of myself and those here present, although they may have interests conflicting with mine, to assume the position you did at the funeral procession and instruct—command, if necessary, Mr. Chough Jurgeson to produce the will and read it."

There was a murmur of concurrence from several of those present, and Mr. Rokeby readily assented to the proposition.

He glanced round the apartment, expecting to see his son as an interested spectator, but neither he nor his Cousin Bertie were present, and Colonel Waldron, in a curious discomfited kind of a way, had fallen back among three or four of the oldest tenants-at-will on the estates, who had craved permission of the magnate, Mr. Chough Jurgeson, to be present on this occasion, that they might learn how the old earl had disposed of them and theirs.

The colonel did not intend to take his departure until he had learned what the will contained, and how far Gabrielle was interested. But he was in a cold perspiration at what he had heard from Lord Belvoir and Mr. Tatchmax, and sick at heart with an indefinable foreboding of what was to follow a meeting with one whom in years gone past he had most basely wronged.

Mr. Rokeby, feeling more at his ease, he knew not why, by the absence of Wilfred, and seeing that he had the concurrence of the majority present, addressed Mr. Chough Jurgeson in conciliatory terms, discussed the question temperately with him, and pointed out that he had no real authority to refuse to read the will, whereas if there was any weight to be attached to the statements of both Lord Belvoir and Mr. Tatchmax, he had something like an authority for doing so.

Mr. Chough Jurgeson looked as if he had been cold and hot by turns during Mr. Rokeby's speech, and quite irresolute what step to take. At length, however, after several preliminary coughs, he said, huskily—

"Mr. Rokeby, my lord, and gentlemen, I cannot but feel that I am but a mere instrument in this matter, and that beyond a legacy I take no further interest under this will."

"Who are the executors?" abruptly demanded Colonel Waldron from his lurking place.

"Silence!" exclaimed several angry voices.

"Will you be good enough to keep your peace?" suggested Mr. Tatchmax, screwing up eyes and lips viciously. "Or shall we send for the woman with the fiery eyes?"

"You will know all in good time," observed Mr. Chough Jurgeson, a little more blandly. "In the meantime, Mr. Rokeby, you will do well to consider that there are some very remarkable, very strange, very terrible disclosures in the will, which prudence and discretion would counsel not to be made public—that is too public."

"Mr. Rokeby is not alone to be considered in this matter," observed Lord Belvoir, tartly; "but Mr. Rokeby has ignored all further concealment, therefore read the will."

"Right," supported Mr. Tatchmax, as usual, "publicity is our desire. Open day, broad sunlight, and all that sort of thing."

"Read the will," exclaimed Mr. Rokeby, with impatient emphasis, as if he were heart-sick of the discussion. "Read! We will deliberate afterwards."

"Very well, Mr. Rokeby, and gentlemen," rejoined Mr. Chough Jurgeson, pulling down his white wristbands below the cuffs of his shining black coat. "I cast upon your shoulders the whole responsibility of this transaction, and I will read the will."

Everybody uttered a sigh of relief, and murmurs of congratulation were freely expressed.

Mr. Chough Jurgeson pointed to an iron bound, large, massive oak chest, which had stood near the open fire-place hitherto unnoticed.

"In this box," he said, resuming his pompous, puffy, tones, "rest the last—very last—directions of the late earl as I took them from his mouth. I may say that his lordship died a very different man from what he had lived. He regretted, with great bitterness, the harsh tyranny with which he had driven his twin sons from him, and he explained, in writing as well as verbally, that it was owing to the machinations of one that the other was cast from him with curses, disinherited, as far as it was possible, and pursued with acrimonious rancour to his death. It is a pity that he died, for that box contains documents and proofs which are incontestible, verifying which of the twin brothers was the elder son, and, therefore, the heir to the title and estates, and also deeds, which, as far as possible, would have compensated him for the unkind treatment he had received from his angered parent."

"Which of the two sons does it prove to be the elder?" interrogated Lord Belvoir, eagerly. "Gray or Guy?"

"Ay!" exclaimed Mr. Tatchmax, rubbing his hands. "Which—Guy or Gray? Which, Jargeson?"

"Guy or Gray—Gray or Guy! Upon my word, I forget; but we shall soon know," returned Mr. Jurgeson, loftily. "There are other documents, too, of an extraordinary character, which confer fabulous wealth—"

"Open the box," interrupted Mr. Tatchmax, with visible anxiety. "You are such a *while*, Jurguson."

Mr. Chough Jurguson gave him a look of ineffable scorn, drew forth a bunch of keys, and applied one he selected to the lock, while all present drew up, and crowded round him. But the key would not turn the way he moved it. He turned it the opposite way, and the bolt shot with a loud click.

"Why, it *was* unlocked, Jurguson!" cried Mr. Tatchmax, with excitement. "You have locked it—unlock it again. Look sharp! You are such a *while*."

Mr. Chough Jurguson's hand trembled; but he did as he was requested. He turned the key, and lifted up the lid of the chest, which he had laid back, and then he looked into the box.

It was empty.

Mr. Chough Jurguson looked into the empty space distraught.

"They were all there this morning, I swear!" he gasped, in unearthly tones. "I saw them—checked them."

He turned round to the astonished throng, and sputtered, hoarsely—

"Robbed!—robbed!—stolen! A thief has stolen the will, and all the documents connected with it."

Then he fell down in a fit.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ The belle of New York society is a Spanish lady.

LIFE OR DEATH.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Oh! this beautiful earth?
Bathed in an amber light,
Thrilled with the distant notes
Of birds in an airy flight,
Wrapped in a velvet robe,
Fragrant, and fresh, and green;
Crowned by the hand of Spring,—
A royally lovely queen.

Lovely and loved earth
To our souls such rapture giving,
Nought can annoy, nothing destroy
The perfect joy of living.

Oh! the wonderful skies!
Shedding their sunny light
Over the world by day,
Lighting with stars the night.
Drifted with rosy clouds,
Shrouded in vapors white,
Promises fair of the beauty rare
Hidden from mortal sight.

Joyously budding earth,
Holily quiet sky,
Is rapture sweetest? content completest?
To live—or die?

S. J. B

MY COUSIN JAMES.

BY E. LINN LINTON.

I dare say I was cross to them at home. I can understand it now on looking back, though at the time I suffered quite as much as they did from the terrible want of harmony between us. But how could I help it? There was I a tall, strong, healthy girl, full of life and energy, longing for something to do, yearning for the right to feel, the power to *live*; and there were they—my father, a confirmed invalid; my mother a nervous woman whom I never remember in a good temper, and who found even our quiet life so full of pains and troubles and anxieties she used to sit down and cry over them, when she did not scold; my sister Nora, twelve years older than myself, nearly as delicate as my father and quite as nervous as my mother, besides holding it as a canon of faith immutable that to be lady-like a woman ought never to show feeling or energy, or any form of excitement—that, in fact, she ought to be as wooden as a doll, and about as lifeless; so it is easy to understand what a dreadful creature I must have seemed to them all, and how unsuited we were mutually to each other.

I stood five feet six, was strong armed, and largely built altogether; more like a boy than a girl in my tastes, delighting in dogs and horses; and boating and crag climbing (we lived among the dear old mountains), and utterly unable to sit in the house like other women for a quiet afternoon's embroidering strips of muslin or reading trashy novels, which were the chief pleasures of my mother and Nora. They scarcely ever went out, even in the summer; and always had the blinds down, and the windows closed. They used to shudder at me when I came into their neat, twilight drawing-room, bringing great clumps of snow on my boots, or patches of mud, or bits of hay or straw, or bark according to the season; and when they heard my step come striding through the hall, they used to sigh plaintively; and I have often heard them say, in their injured tones: "Here comes Ida again; she walks just like a man!"

I dare say I did. But they did not know, and would not see, how often I used to try and walk gently, and take little short steps, like Nora. To be sure, I could never keep it up, and was forced to go back to the old swift strides natural to me. But I tried; which was something in my favor, if they would but acknowledge it.

I often thought in those days that I could not be papa or mamma's child, I was so utterly unlike them, and unlike Nora too. Papa and Nora were both small and dark; mamma was fatter and larger than either, and fairer even than I, for her hair was pure flaxen and mine is nearly red—a dash more and it would have been really red hair—as it is, I believe it is auburn; but I was as unlike mamma as I was unlike the others. And if papa had not had a brother, to whom he said I bore the most wonderful likeness—a brother who had gone out to California when he was quite young, and had never come back again—I think they, too, would have believed that I had been changed at nurse, and that I was a stranger to their blood as I was to their sympathies. As it was, the Californian brother saved my dear old Mary's credit; but certainly he did not make my parents any the better satisfied with their unlikely daughter.

So I lived till I was seventeen, practically without any control or education, but always in disgrace, always trying to win their favor but never succeeding, because I never knew when I offended; wondering why I was such a black sheep among them, and trying to feel that I was naughty and abominable, and that I deserved their displeasure; but somehow I never could get quite to it. I knew that I wished to please them, but as my strength and health and size were my offences, it is not difficult to understand why I did not attain my wish. "You are so big, Ida!" they used to say reproachfully; and oh, dear me! how many tears my large, thick boots, and my gloves at seven and a quarter, have cost me; how many tears my appetite! Yet I really could not eat less than I did; and I was always hungry as it was, for they used to give me such little bits I was ashamed to ask so often for more. They were all more or less invalids, and as they never went out, or took any exercise, of course they eat like birds; but I was always in the open air doing something that gave me an appetite; and besides, I was growing fast, and I had superb health, so naturally I did eat an enormous quantity compared with them; and that used to vex them. In fact, my whole manner of being, the person that I was, used to vex them, and there was no remedy for it anyhow.

When I was seventeen the first great change came to our quiet household. Nora married. I was thunderstruck when she told me, which she did only a week before. I was a great goose, I fear, for though I was dimly conscious of something going on in the household, I had not an idea what it was; and as I had been accustomed to be shut out from all family confidences, and taught not to ask questions, I had not troubled myself much with what did not concern me. I thought Nora was joking when she told me. She had always declared she never would marry, and I had believed her. And then she was so prim and staid, and to my insolence of youth she seemed so infinitely old—nine-and-twenty; and she looked forty. It was incredible to me, look how it would. However, I soon found it true enough; she married; and of all men in the world, the one I most hated, the Reverend Alexander Tagart—a pale, thin-lipped, austere man of about fifty, whose whole code of righteousness lay in the denial of everything natural and healthy. He and I had never got on well together, the antagonism between us having been pretty well pronounced from the beginning, so I was naturally not over pleased at his entrance into our family. Things had been bad enough for me before. I knew they would be worse now. And the sequel proved I was right.

Nora's marriage killed poor papa. He had been in bad health to begin with, and the excitement, quietly as the wedding was managed, was too much for him. And then he fretted for her. They were so exactly alike in everything that he felt as if a part of himself had gone; at least, he used to say so, and he fretted so much that in about three months after she left he died. And was it not cruel?—they would not let me see him when he was ill! They said I was so loud and noisy, and so big, I should disturb him. This was Mr. Tagart's doing, I am sure; and when I cried about it to mamma, and complained of the cruelty, she only said peevishly: "It is your own fault, Ida; you should be gentler and more affectionate than you are, and obey us when we tell you anything, and then perhaps you might have seen papa."

Soon after his funeral poor mamma died quite suddenly, of heart disease—fat about the heart, the doctor said; but Mr. Tagart always insisted on it that I killed her. We were at dinner, she and I; and I had been for a long ramble by myself over the fields, and I certainly had come in awfully hungry. It was a brisk, clear, frosty day, and I had been out five hours, and had walked and scrambled full fifteen miles. Mamma was not well that day, and would not eat; and I remember we had a large piece of roast beef; and I remember, too, her horrified look at me when I asked for a second plateful. I shall never forget it.

"What! *more*, Ida?" she said, in a reproachful tone, as if I had done something wrong.

"Yes, please, mamma dear, I have had such a long walk, and I am so hungry," I said.

She cut the meat I remember quite passionately—cut me off a huge bit—a *chunk* fit for a plough-boy, and quite flung it on my plate; and she looked very angry; then she gave a deep sigh and sank back in her chair. I was too much ashamed to look at her, so I eat my meat in silence; and when I had finished I asked her if I should ring the bell. She did not answer, and she looked so pale and strange that I was frightened, and rang loudly for Jane, and Jane sent for the doctor; but when he came he said she was dead, and had been dead for more than half an hour. Poor mamma! I don't like to think of that moment!

"See what your unruly appetite, your selfishness and greediness have done!" cried Mr. Tagart, when he heard how it all happened; "you have killed your mother!"

I was left by my father's will under the guardianship of Nora and her husband until I came of age, when I should have about five hundred a year of my own, through my grandfather. Nora, as the eldest, had double that; for papa had left all his fortune to her, and she had, through mamma's father, the same as I. So as soon as the funeral was over I went back with the Tagarts to Cracroft Vicarage, which was henceforth to be my home; at least for the next three years and a half. "Not a day after," I said to myself by way of promise and consolation; "I will bear it for three years, because I cannot help myself, and I will bear it as cheerfully and good-temperedly as I can; but after then—not an hour."

So you see I did not enter on my new life with any expectation of happiness, nor with any cordial feeling on my own side to sweeten what I knew to be Mr. Tagart's dislike and Nora's disapprobation. I was tired of trying to win favor I could not feel I had deservedly lost; but I meant to make the best of everything, and I was not an ill-tempered girl.

Had I been misunderstood at my own old home? I soon learned to look back on my life there as one comparatively rich in sympathies and love. I had suffered in my large, noisy, healthy childhood in a house of nerves and sickness, but it was all as nothing compared to the torture of my brother-in-law's rule. Heaven forgive me if I speak of him too bitterly, but I cannot think of him calmly even yet; and the less so because all his cruelty, his evil temper, his tyranny and injustice, were in the name of religion and for the honor of God and Christianity. He set himself to tame me, he said; he would not continue the mistake which my father and mother had made—the mistake of indulgence—and let me run riot in my godless and unfeminine career; he had undertaken to subdue my proud, defying spirit, God helping him, and he owed it to his own character to succeed, and to bring me into a state befitting the household of a minister of the Word.

All this was right enough, so far as it went; but we split on the question of what was wrong, and what was unbecoming in a clergyman's family. He made out that almost everything was wrong. I was not to ride; neither he nor Nora rode, and they would not let me go alone or with only a groom. This last, Mr. Tagart said, was "dangerous," but I really could not see how, and I could never get him to explain. I was not to take long walks, not indeed to go out of the garden alone, and I had no walking companion. I was not to dance, even if I had an opportunity, which was not likely at Cracroft; but even if a dance had been got up among the girls I should not have been allowed to join in it, for Mr. Tagart always said that dancing was the direct road to hell. I was not to sing, except Calvinistic hymns which I did not like; and it was the same with music. All that I might do without rebuke was, at the first to teach in the Sabbath-school under the superintendence of the teacher of the first class, a tailor's daughter with correct views on baptismal regeneration, and to take a part in what he called parish-work. But he soon forbade me even that, because, he said, I taught unsound doctrine and sowed tares. This was because I once said that very strict and narrow people seemed to think themselves consecrated to the task of putting God's work to rights. Mr. Tagart was so angry with me for saying this!—and punished me by praying at me, and not speaking to me for more than a week.

You can understand now something of what my life must have been. I think that even Nora was sorry for me; but I never knew. Her husband had so completely dominated her that she seemed afraid of having an opinion of her own; and if he had put a pair of handcuffs on me she would not have dared to take them off. I used to be sorry for Nora, however, whether she was so for me or not. I don't know if I threw away my sympathy, for she never complained, never said she was unhappy, though certainly she never said she was happy. I think she held it sinful to be very happy and unlady-like as well; but I fancy she got rather more than she had quite bargained for in in her husband, and that he made even her, frigid and narrow as she was, feel cramped and chilled.

I had no female friends of any value at Cracroft; indeed there were none to have. There was only one family with whom we could associate on equal terms, the Lawrences, of the Hollies; and they were not very fascinating people. They were just common-place country girls who took a tremendous interest in all the village gossip afloat, and to whom the every-day affairs of domestic life were of more importance than the most stirring events of current history. Whether the jam was to be made to-day or to-morrow was of far greater moment to the family at the Hollies than whether the Prussians or the French would beat; and a change of servants outweighed in their esteem the rise and fall of empires. I used to wonder at their want of sympathy with all outside their own circle; and they used to wonder at me for feeling so much as I did about things in which I was not personally interested. When bad news once came over about the Commune, and I could not keep the tears out of my eyes in speaking of it—for I was an ardent republican and believed in the Commune—I gave them occasion for a week's amusement, and my brother-in-law occasion for a sermon on the damnable sin of rebellion, which lasted over two hours and made my head ache; this was what he called preaching the Gospel to me.

There was a brother however at the Hollies, who used to come down at vacation time—he was at Cambridge, in his last year—with whom I fraternized more than with any one else. He was not quite like the rest, being broader and more liberal-minded, and he seemed to understand me better. He helped me with my studies too; for I was too energetic to live in idleness, and too real to be satisfied with dreams; so, as Mr. Tagart had cut me off my usual amount of physical energy, I was forced to fall back on books and hard study as my resource; and Guy Lawrence helped me.

I should have liked Guy much better than I did had he not been going into the church. But I had taken such a horror for the profession since I had known Mr. Tagart, that I at times included Guy himself in my antipathy, when I thought of him as a clergyman. Poor Guy! my best, and indeed my only friend! I did not always dislike him, you know. In general I liked him very much, but when I thought of him as a clergyman—solemn, austere, unnatural, tyrannical, as I felt sure he *must* be—I used to almost hate him. Poor fellow! he must have been immensely puzzled by my changeful ways toward him; but he was always the same to me, always good and kind; and really, for a man who was not my ideal of a man at all—who did not ride, or hunt, or shoot, or do anything I thought a man ought to do—I liked him very much. And then he was so clever! He knew all about everything, as it seemed to me; and more than this, I was grateful to him for liking me as he did, and letting me think as I liked and say what I thought, without telling me I was going to perdition and that I was prompted by Satan, as Mr. Tagart used. One gets to this almost craven gratitude for tolerance and sympathy when one has been kept long enough in an atmosphere of repression and antagonism.

Time went on, and my life at the vicarage became even harder. I would not give way under it—else what was the good of being strong and healthy? But it was a hard fight to keep up and not let myself become either peevish or crushed. But I think the better I bore it and the more cheerful I remained, the more angry Mr. Tagart was with me, and the more determined he was to break my spirit. One day we had a tremendous quarrel. We seldom quarreled, because I would not. I never answered him when he was insolent and abominable, but to-day he was so outrageous that I was forced to defend myself. It all began about a mere trifle—a handful of wild flowers I had brought in and had left on the sideboard; but it ended in an explosion of wrath on both sides, and bitter words that were anything but trifling. I scarcely remember now what I said, but I do remember that he said I was accursed, and a child of the devil, and that God had forsaken me and given me over to the vile imagination of a reprobate heart; and a great deal more of the same kind. When it was all over, I went down into the summer-house at the bottom of the garden, to get myself cool and think out my position calmly. And I had not been there long before Guy Lawrence came in. Guy had never seen me so cast down. In general I used to keep my troubles to myself, and show a bright face under them all. I was too strong and healthy to fret. But to-day I was utterly undone; and when my only friend came in I fairly broke down, and at his first word of kindness burst into tears, like any silly school-girl. The poor fellow was in an awful state.

"Don't! don't, Miss Beecham! Oh, what is the matter? Don't do that; pray don't!" he kept saying.

But I could not restrain myself. It had been a hard matter to bring me to this; but now that I had failed, I failed entirely. So I wept and sobbed as if my heart would break, and took no heed of the fact that poor Guy was kneeling beside me, with my hand in his, which he was alternately kissing and crying over. Or rather, I did take heed of it; but it was so soothing to my bruised nature that any one should show me affection—any one care for me—that I could not repel it. And thus, partly in despair at my present miserable position, which seemed to my exaggerated fancy interminable—for had I not two whole years to wait?—and partly for gratitude at finding myself loved by any one, I let Guy Lawrence keep my hand, and I promised that I would be his wife. I knew that I did not love him as I felt I could love; but I did not expect ever to see my ideal, and I had a very tender regard and respect for him. So, desperate and self-deceiving, I gave him my promise, and repented of it the instant after. Mind, I do not wish to exonerate myself. I did wrong; only I did not know at the time *how* wrong.

Strange to say, Mr. Tagart did not oppose my engagement with Guy. On the contrary, he approved of it with a certain grim satisfaction which struck me at the time as meaning more than it expressed. I have often thought since that he saw how entirely unsuited a shy, reserved, sensitive student like Guy Lawrence was to such a girl as I, and how the restricted life of a country clergyman's wife would have told upon me. I think he saw in it a life-long punishment for me, which he was glad I had inflicted with my own hand. He might have looked upon it as a means of grace; he said he did; but I had learned by now the real meaning of his religious praises. However that may be; he spoke of my engagement everywhere; and there was something in his manner in speaking of it that made me feel as if I had put myself into chains which he had padlocked. My sister said very little. Only once she looked at me rather anxiously, and said in a kinder voice than usual—

"Are you quite sure of yourself, Ida? quite certain that you love him as you ought? You are very young!"

To which I answered cheerfully—"Oh yes, it is all right! I like Guy Lawrence better than any one I know—and he has always been good to me."

So no more was said; and my engagement was the recognized fact of the neighborhood.

I think I told you that papa had a brother in California?—a man who went out when quite young, and who had married and settled there. We used to hear of him occasionally, but we did not know much about him. We knew that he had married a half-caste, and that he had a son James; and that was all. You may imagine our surprise, then, when the post brought a letter to Nora from Uncle Rowland, telling us that we should see his son James, who had taken a fancy to run over to the old country—James himself, our cousin adding a few words of his own, saying that he would be down at Cracroft to-morrow, having been in England a week.

I never saw Nora or Mr. Tagart so angry. I do not know what they expected to see; but they spoke of Cousin James all that evening as a "savage;" and really, if he had come in a wampum belt, and with a row of eagle's feathers round his head, brandishing a tomahawk and uttering a war whoop, they could not have expected anything more dreadful by the way in which they spoke. As for me, I was glad. Whatever my Cousin James might be, he would be a relief to the monotony and deadness of our lives. So the evening passed; they breaking out into angry lamentations at this unwelcome advent, and I trying to look at the matter cheerfully—till I saw I made them worse, and then I held my tongue.

The next day I was in the garden, on the lower walk, when I saw, coming along at the foot of the meadow that skirted the garden, a tall, singular looking man. It was a cool but pleasant day in June, but the man striding along the road, with a longer step and quicker movements than are usual to Englishmen, wore a velvet coat belted round his waist; his hat was one of those soft felt things which take all manner of shapes, and was drawn close over his eyes; his dark hair was long, and curling on to his neck; he wore over-boots that came up to his knee; and he carried a huge knotted stick. As he came along, apparently half lazily, in reality very swiftly, he looked up at the house and then at me; then he strode across the fence that divided the field from the road, and came right up the meadow to where I stood by the hedge. I knew at once who it was.

"Guess you are one of my cousins?" said the stranger, in a rich, full, flexible voice, but with a decided American accent, and a short, abrupt manner.

"Are you Cousin James?" I asked; and I felt my cheeks grow hot.

"Sure as life," he said. "And who are you?"

"Your Cousin Ida."

"Cousin Ida, shake hands."

I held out my hand across the sweet-briar and privet forming the hedge, and he grasped it heartily. Then he quietly strode over the garden hedge as he had before surmounted the meadow fence, and looked about him curiously. But he looked most at me.

"I like the looks of you," he said, with his abrupt manner. "Sit down awhile; I'm tired walking; tell me about yourself and the others. I don't know one darned thing about my British relations, and I want to be posted up before I meet the old one."

"There is no old one to meet," I answered; and I began to tell him about poor papa and mamma; but he interrupted me, and said, not rudely or impatiently, only with the frankness of a man accustomed to the simple truth—

"You need not tell me about that. I know it all. I want to hear about your sister; Nora, ain't she? *She* must be pretty old, I reckon."

"I don't think she would like you to call her so," I answered, laughing.

But he did not seem to see where there was anything to laugh at. He was evidently a grave man, and laughter seemed to come but seldom to his lips. He only repeated, with a kind of insisting manner—

"She is thirty-one; older than me by four years; and that is no chicken, I guess."

Then I told him about Nora and Mr. Tagart; and I thought I spoke very guardedly about them, but especially about him; but Cousin James, who had been looking at me from under his broad-leafed hat brought close down over his eyes, suddenly said—

"You don't love that brother-in-law of yours?"

"Love him! no, I certainly don't *love* him," I answerd, lightly and evasively; "but I did not say I disliked him."

"I didn't say you did," said Cousin James, quietly; "but you don't like him, anyhow."

And to this I made no answer.

"Never you mind, then," said Cousin James, laying his broad hand on my shoulder, and still looking at me with eyes that seemed as if they saw right through me. "While I'm here none of them shall hurt you, Cousin Ida. I'm glad I have come. I'm glad to have seen you first. You and I are to be friends, you know." He took my hand in his, laying it on his palm and looking at it. Then he kissed it, and passed his finger down the veins, saying "What a pretty, strong hand! That's the hand I like. You are a grand creature, Cousin Ida!"

"I think we had better go into the house," I said, a little disturbed, and with my face on fire.

"I think so, too," said Cousin James, gravely.

So we went up the garden, neither of us speaking; but when we came to the door he laid his hand again on my shoulder, and said, in a lower voice than he had used before—

"We are friends, Cousin Ida; that's a fact, ain't it?"

And I, looking up at him as he stood, tall, erect, and with such a fearless and yet such a tender expression in the handsome face that looked into mine, so far above me tall as I was, answered hurriedly, "Yes. But it seemed as if both of us had said a great deal more.

If Nora and Mr. Tagart had disliked the idea of Cousin James they disliked the reality ten times more. It was quite painful to see their horror of him, only because his clothes were cut differently from ours, and because he was not up in all the minor matters of etiquette to which we attend. I had never thought either of them very profound observers, but I certainly did not expect to find them so shallow as they were. They saw nothing of Cousin James's goodness, nothing of his bravery, his uprightness, his truth, his self-respecting nobleness of nature, they only knew that he spoke with an accent, said "I guess" and "I reckon," used odd words and not always impeccable grammar, kept his hat on in the room—and his hat itself was a sin—tumbled the antimacassars, which he called "darned rags," disregarded gates and doors and went over hedges and out of windows if it suited him to do so; that, in fact he was as they said "a savage," and to be despised accordingly. And it was just this "savageness"—that is, this truth and unconventionality—that charmed me. It seemed to me as if I had never known a real man until now. And we were such friends! He had such a quiet, unconquerable way of doing things that even Mr. Tagart was subdued. And when he proposed that I should go for this walk or that ride with him, how much sooner Nora and her husband disapproved and were annoyed, they had to give way. Cousin James would listen to no objections. You see they had no hold on him. I don't know how it was done, but with the most absolute unselfishness he was utterly uncontrolable, and did exactly as he liked. I think a quarrel to him was something so serious he had no idea of the small ill-tempers in which my brother-in-law and Nora indulged, and so he really did not see them. He had that large kind of allowance met with only in the very strong—in men and women who can afford to be generous. He was graver than most men, more silent, but not sad; it was more a kind of serious earnestness, as would be natural to a man who had always lived in a certain amount of danger, in the midst of a larger, grander nature than we have in England—and in solitude. The best description I can give of him is that in Joaquin Miller's noble poem, "With Walker in Nicaragua." It is so like my Cousin James that you must let me write it out for you. When you have read this, and what follows, you know all about my cousin:—

"He was a brick, and brave as a bear,
As brave as Nevada's grizzlies are,
A Texan tigress is her fair,
Or any lion of anywhere;
Yet gentle as a panther is,
Mouthing her young in her first fierce kiss,
And true of soul as the north pole-star,
Tall, comely, grand as any king,
Yet simple as a child at play,
In camp and court the same always,
And never moved at anything."

Oh, indeed, he was grand! How glad I was that I had such a cousin! And then the relationship was so delightful. Though a stranger, he was of my own blood; like a brother, whom I must treat with just a little formality, but whom I might love as much as I liked, without harm. How unlike that dreadful so-called brother, Mr. Tagart! Here was my true brother! my dear, dear friend! my perfect man! How I delighted in him! how glad I was he had come!

Guy Lawrence was not at home at this time. Of course, Cousin James knew that I was engaged; Mr. Tagart told him so before he had been half an hour in the house, and really I thought he might have left my private affairs alone. I could have told Cousin James myself. He never spoke about this engagement to me after the first time; but the look and tone with which he took both my hands in his, and said: "I will wait till I see this lover of yours, Cousin Ida," did not pass from me quickly. What did he mean by waiting? He would wait to do what?

He could not mean wait at the vicarage, for he was always running off in the oddest way. He used to come down to breakfast and say that he was going away that day to the Isle of Wight, or the Highlands, or Cornwall, or Wales, or Paris, or Ireland, as if he was going out for a walk; and places that we should have taken weeks to see he would do in a couple of days, and speak of them as "pretty little rat holes" afterward. Nora and Mr. Tagart used to be furious with him when he did so; but he made me laugh; and I could understand how a man used to the Sierras and the Cordilleras, and those great rolling prairies and pampas, should find our finest scenery in England small and tame in comparison; but Nora and Mr. Tagart could not see things in this light. They used quite to scold when Cousin James laughed at the pretensions of Black Gang Chine to sublimity, and when he said that Skiddaw and Scawfell were only "mole hills of a respectable elevation."

Well, one day—the day when Guy was expected home—Cousin James came into breakfast with his velvet coat and his knobbed stick, and his hat over his eyes (he never carried any luggage) and announced that he was going to Holland, and would be back again presently. He never asked about times or trains when he started off like this. He used to swing himself down the garden, and over the fences, as if he could walk over the whole island in a day. I went down the garden with him, and I felt so wretched I could scarcely keep the tears out of my eyes. It seemed as if I should never see him again. He was unhappy, too, I think; and when we parted, he pressed my hand till he nearly made me scream.

"I am going now for your good, my girl," he said in an undertone. "When I come back we shall know more how we stand. Good-bye; I think I know you,"

All very enigmatical, but somehow I was a little comforted by what he said; perhaps rather by what he looked, for he did look at me very kindly. Then he went; and as he turned the corner of the lane, and I lost sight of him, it was really like the sun going out of the sky.

When I went back into the house Nora and Mr. Tagart both attacked me for going down the garden with him; and they both ridiculed and abused him most unmercifully. I fired up in his defence, but something in Mr. Tagart's cruel face took all the blood out of mine, and all the courage from my heart, so I ran away to my usual retreat, the summer-house in the garden, half-ashamed and half-frightened; I do not know what I felt, my whole being was in confusion and distress.

Presently Guy came. Good God! had I been blind or mad? I had never thought him very handsome or manly-looking, but to-day it was as if he or I had been transformed since we met last. Small, nervous, shy, diffident, with his lank thin hair falling in a tattered, faded wisp about his bloodless face, his pale blue eyes weak and quivering, his hesitating tremulous voice, his singular uncomfortable manner—he was too strong a contrast to the lordly cousin who had come into my life-like an ideal realized, and whose absence I was then lamenting.

"Dearest Ida," said poor Guy, with such a painful mixture of timidity and pleasure; "this is joy, indeed, to see you again."

"How do you do, Guy?" I said as kindly as I could; but my own voice struck on myself as harsh and constrained; and I held out my hand.

"Are you glad to see me, Ida?" he asked, and he began to mumble my hand, sighing and trembling.

"Why, of course I am," I answered, trying to laugh; but the touch of his lips on my hand made my flesh creep, and I drew it hastily away. I could not bear it: it felt like sacrilege.

But he was a good soul, patient and humble and unsuspicious; and I believe he would have left me walk over him if it would have given me any pleasure.

Formerly it had been my greatest comfort to be alone with Guy. I never let him make love to me, and there was something very soothing in his kindness; besides, I used to make him read to me, or explain what I had been reading, so that his companionship had always had something profitable and elevating in it. But now I could not bear it; it was maddening; so I got up and said, "Let us go the house, Guy," in quite a wild way, for, indeed, I scarcely knew what I said or did. I only felt I should go out of my mind if I remained there alone with him, and he treating me as if he had a *right* to be kind to me.

Underneath the little table in the summer-house lay a spray of jasmine; I remembered seeing my Cousin James with it in his coat last night; when Guy took it up, and in his nervous way began breaking it to pieces, I do not know what possessed me, but I do know that I shrieked quite loudly, and snatched the flower from his hand.

"My darling!" he said, in a frightened tone, "I thought I had hurt you!"

I blushed, and stammered out, "It is a piece I wanted to draw," as I thrust it into the bosom of my dress.

"I will pick you one much prettier," said poor Guy, innocently; but I turned away and pretended not to hear him.

What a hypocrite I was growing; and why? I could not understand myself. Guy's coming had been like a revolution into chaos of the cheerful cosmos I had once called my soul. Oh! if only he would go away again, and my Cousin James come back! How much more I cared to listen to adventures with grizzlies and wild Indians than to hear "Cowper's Sofa" and "Pope's Satires!"

Days passed—two, three, four days—a week—a fortnight—and no tidings of Cousin James; not even a letter, which Nora and Mr. Tagart said was "only what might be expected from a savage as he was." They sometimes made me almost mad by the way in which they spoke of him; but somehow I never dared to defend him—Mr. Tagart's hard, cold eyes used to *hold* me. I had never known such misery as I was enduring now. I cried all night and I moped all day. I, who had never let myself fret in my life, who had always shaken myself free of my sorrows, and smiled and carried a brave heart and a high head through them all, now was as nerveless and hysterical as a mere miss; and the worst of it was, I did not know why I was so dreadfully unhappy. Mr. Tagart was horrible, as usual; but he was no more horrible than usual, when I came to think of it—he only seemed so. My sister Nora was no colder than she had always been; but her coldness hurt me more. Guy, poor Guy, was kinder than ever; but his kindness, which was once such a comfort, was now an absolute torture. Good heavens! how had I ever promised to be his wife! I must have been dreaming; I must have been insane; I could not marry him; I would not. I would go away to my uncle in California; I would be free, natural and happy; I would leave this narrow and conventional life for one where I might breathe; I would go away forever, and never come back to the thraldom, the shame, the tyranny of England! I had no home here—no one cared for me—my uncle should be my father, and my Cousin James, ah! Cousin James should be my brother, and I would be his faithful friend and sister. But these two terrible years,

until I came of age? What should I do! what could I do! and there was no one to help me, not even Cousin James; for I could appeal to him as little as I could appeal to Guy Lawrence himself.

What any one knew or noticed of me at this time I neither asked nor cared. I was not myself, not my own mistress. It was shame and grief to me that I had broken down so helplessly; but so it was, and I could not retrieve myself, I could not call back my lost cheerfulness, my vanished self-command. But in the midst of all this despair and agony I saw from my bed-room window—where I generally sat, now straining my eyes to the South—I saw crossing the bridge that tall, commanding figure my eyes and heart were aching to see. There he was—the slouched hat drawn close over his eyes the velvet coat belted round his waist, the knotted stick, the air of proprietor of all he saw yet stranger to all we vained; and had he been a god, as he was my hero, he could not have been more welcome, more glorious to me. Why not? Was he not my only friend? I saw him coming with his quick movements and swift red Indian stride across the bridge, down the little turning, and along the path that skirted the meadow by the garden. I was in my own room, as I say, when I first saw him; but before he had left the bridge behind him, and while he was still in the little lane, I was down by the hedge, waiting for him in the sunlight.

The wind took my hair and blew it in waves and wreaths about my head and across my face; it took my purple dress and eddyed it into light, gauzy clouds; it was refreshment to my parched lips and feverish cheeks; and when, as on the first day he crossed the meadow to the hedge, I, too, as on that first day, reached out my hands to him over the sweet-briar and flowering privet; but I could not speak, my heart was too full; I could only hold out my hands and look down; I could not look at him for more that just one glance.

In a moment he had leaped the hedge; in a moment I felt his heart beating against mine, as he took me in his arms.

"You love me, Ida?" he said, in his full, rich voice; "and as the Lord lives, I love you."

I do not need to die to know what heaven is—I knew it then.

It was all done in the open air, and the drawing-room windows looked on to the lower terrace where we stood; but I thought of nothing; I cared for nothing; I was in Cousin James' keeping now, and I felt that I was safe. He would let nothing harm me, and no one take me from him.

Suddenly I was pulled violently, and I heard Mr. Tagart cry hoarsely: "Shameless abandoned girl! do you dare to carry on your abominable intrigues before our very eyes?"

The next instant he was on the ground. One blow from Cousin James' strong arm had laid him there.

I had been content to keep my hands clasped together and resting on my Cousin's breast, but now I threw my arms around him as far as they would go, saying, "Do not let them take me from you, Cousin James! do not let them take me away!"

"They shall take my life first, I guess," said my cousin in a low, concentrated voice.

Presently Mr. Tagart picked himself up.

"You shall hear of this again, sir," he said with a scowl.

"Expect I shall," said Cousin James; "and you have not done with me yet."

"I have done with you so far that I forbid you to enter my house again, where I can and will keep Miss Beecham safe," said Mr. Tagart. "The law gives me that power."

"I don't care a curse for your old laws," said Cousin James; "Ida is mine and I mean to keep her."

"We shall see about that," said Mr. Tagart; then turning to me he added authoritatively, speaking as if I had been a dog, "Go into the house, do you hear? go in this instant, I say! He put out his hand as if to take hold of me.

"Do you want to feel the earth again, you mean cuss?" cried Cousin James, striking down his arm, and my brother-in-law shrank back.

"You are aware of the penalty of assaulting a clergymen?" he faltered, trying to bluster, but in reality very frightened.

"I neither know nor care," said Cousin James; "but if you touch her, I'll do it again. Now, Ida, my girl, listen to me. You know after this I can't go to your house again; but I'll take lodgings in the town and look after you. I'll trust you and you'll trust me, and all will come right. And as for the coil you've got into with the man you've promised, you must tell him you have made a mistake, and that you are coming to me as my wife; and I'll tell him so, too."

"I will, Cousin James," I said.

"I am sorry to disturb your pleasant little arrangement," said Mr. Tagart, sneeringly; but I am your master, Miss Beecham, till you are of age; and until then I absolutely forbid all intercourse whatsoever with your Cousin James. You have engaged yourself to Mr. Lawrence, and I warn you I will use all my influence over him to hold you to your bond."

"I know Guy too well for that!" I exclaimed. "He will give me up the moment I ask him."

"For yourself perhaps he might;" *I* would, if I were in his place," said my brother-in-law; "but your money may be useful. Apparently more than Mr. Lawrence thinks so."

My cousin's bronzed cheek flamed at this insolence, and he made a stride toward Mr. Tagart, with a look on his face I did not like to see. I laid both my hands on his arms, and placed myself in his way. "Do not touch him, dear," I said, imploringly, "we can afford to let him rave."

"Ida, it is hard," said my cousin, between his teeth. But he obeyed me, and turned his back abruptly on my brother-in-law.

I knew it cost the quick, hot, California blood something to subdue itself to our tamer manners, but Cousin James was too brave to be a brawler, and if he might not strike he would not condescend to wrangle; so he left Mr. Tagart to himself, and took me away to the summer-house, where my brother-in-law was obliged to leave us in peace, having by this time become nervous and alarmed.

Here we made our plans; plans, indeed they were not; only that we were both to declare ourselves to Guy, and to remain faithful to each other and hopeful, until Cousin James could see his way to an effectual deliverance from what we both knew would be a tyrannous bondage. And when the evening had come I tore myself away—I going into prison, while Cousin James stood motionless on the terrace, watching me to the end. And when I got into the house he was standing there still; but I was in the power of my brother-in-law and guardian.

And now my trial began in real earnest. All that could be thought of to break down my love, my pride, my resolution, was put in force; but I stood firm. Guy was indeed—heaven knows by what shameful misrepresentations of my cousin!—to refuse to see me, and to maintain his claim on me. He wrote me a long letter, and I was not unjust enough not to see the real love and tenderness in it. He held me for my own good, he said, and until my madness had subsided; if, in the future, when I had grown calmer, and could see things as they were, I still wished to break off my engagement, I should; but for my own sake, as matters were now, he must keep me to my word. So there was no hope there; and as I was kept a close prisoner in my room, denied every kind of liberty, I had nothing for it but to be patient, to rely on circumstances, and to hope; and not to believe what both Nora and Mr. Tagart told me, which was that Cousin James had left Cracroft, and that no one knew where he had gone or what had become of him, and that he had probably washed his hands of the affair altogether and returned to California, or been lost among the mountains, and was now lying dead at the foot of some precipice. I did not believe either one or the other story; but it is not easy to keep up one's courage when one is in such a position as mine—an absolute prisoner, and unable to hold any kind of communication with any one but one's jailers and tormentors.

It was a wild autumn night. The rain was falling in torrents; the wind was howling through the trees; the waterfall at the back of the vicarage roared and rushed as though it would tear the very roots of the earth away; and I sat in the dark, in my own room, listening and waiting.

It was past midnight, and all the house had gone to bed; but I sat by the window, looking out into the darkness. All I could see were the outlines of the trees and mountains, and sometimes the white sheet of the seething water in the distance, by the lightning that streamed across the sky. Suddenly I heard a muffled kind of noise against the side of the house, and then a gentle tapping against the window; and I saw by a vivid flash the figure of a man standing dark against the pane. I was frightened at the first, but I soon recovered myself. When you are very miserable, even a danger comes as a relief. The tapping was repeated, softly, and I cautiously opened the window. Light and supple as a panther there sprang into my room—something; in the darkness I did not know what or who it was. I only felt a large wet mass of velvet; then two arms that took me up from the ground bodily; and a warm bearded face that kissed mine.

"Ida!" whispered a voice. And then I knew what my heart had already told me. It was my Cousin James—my beloved, my deliverer!

"Can you brave the night?" he said.

He did not ask, could I trust him? He knew that.

"With you? Yes, I could brave anything!" I answered.

"Put on your hat and cloak, then, and come," said my cousin. "Never mind what you leave behind you; you shall have double all you lose."

"I have no things," I whispered. "They have taken away everything except what I am wearing. No hat, no cloak, no boots!" And I tried to laugh.

My cousin swore between his teeth.

"The night will kill you," he said. "Oh, the damned cruel tigers!"

Just then a driving gust of wind shook and deluged the room. The lightning flashed brighter and brighter and more frequent, and the thunder roared with more tremendous power. I clung to my cousin. Even I, strong-nerved as I was, shrank from the idea of facing such a storm in a thin muslin dress, and with only my bed-room slippers.

"You are afraid, my darling, my beauty!" he said very tenderly.

I trembled as I clung to him. I was cold, only half-clad, and I had been for a fortnight so poorly fed I was more than half starved; besides, the moral anguish I had gone through had shaken me; so no wonder I trembled.

"I cannot even ask you in such weather," he went on to say soothingly. "We must bide our time and wait for a fairer opportunity; but I have a carriage at the foot of the hill, the ship sails to-morrow, and our passage is taken."

"I will go, Cousin James," I said, lifting my head. "It is only one trial, and then I shall be safe."

He pressed me to him rapturously. "I thought I knew my brave girl!" he said. "One effort, Ida, and you are free!"

Quick as thought he wrapped me in his velvet coat, and buckled it round my waist, so that it did not inconvenience me, then he stepped out into the darkness, holding my hand, and softly telling me not to fear. I followed him, groped my way on to the ladder that was placed against the window; and in a few seconds I was on the gravel walk—slipperless! But I did not tell him this. We felt our way in the dark through the garden to the gate by the summer-house, where at the foot of the hill the carriage was waiting. Turning back to look at the vicarage for the last time, I thought I saw a small red flame flicker out of one of the windows. I looked again and saw it more distinctly. Another and another; then came the smell of burning wood, then the hissing of the rain as it fell on the rapidly increasing flames, while wreaths of red smoke wound up into the air and were lost in the blackness of the night. There was no doubt now; the house was on fire.

"We must go back and save the poor cusses," said Cousin James, quietly. "My darling! we will not be parted even for this."

He kissed me, and rushed back to the house just as the flames were licking up the floor of my sister's bed-room, and I saw him disappear into the smoke and fire. I could not stay where I was. Like a wild thing I too rushed up to the house, but the heat drove me back. I called to my cousin. Above the din and tumult of the fire and the night, my voice, flung up with the shrill sharpness of agony, reached his ear. He was then carrying down the insensible form of my sister. Mr. Tagart, clinging to him, crying; and as soon as he had placed them in safety he came back to me, saying cheerily, "Here I am, Ida! not a darned hair the worse!"

He did everything so coolly, so much as a matter of course; but though he said he was none the worse, there was a great gash in his strong arm, and the blood was streaming from it.

"Tie it up, my beauty," he said to me pleasantly, as if it were a mere scratch; "let me see if you are fit to be a Californian's wife."

And when I had tied up the wound, which I did as bravely as I could, for I knew that would please him more than sympathetic tremors and tears, he kissed me tenderly, and said, with such love in his voice that my very brain reeled for joy, "God bless you, girl! I thought you were clear grit all through, and now I know it."

Oh, you great heavens, how I loved him at that moment!

By this time the fire had become seen from the town, and the place was alive. But Cousin James, having done all he cared to do—saved Nora and Mr. Tagart, and assured himself that the servants too were safe—took me aside, and in the confusion we were lost and made our escape without attracting notice. The next day we embarked on board the ship bound for California, and a clergyman on board married us. And as he read the service I looked up with a strange sensation, and—do not think me absolutely insane!—I declare to you, on my word of honor and as I hope to be saved, I saw Guy Lawrence, beautiful as a glorified angel, and as if floating in mid-air, gazing down on me with a tender but well-pleased smile. As I looked, the vision faded away; but I saw him as distinctly as I see you now, and I knew in my heart that he was dead.

And so he was. When we got to California we found a telegram to arrest my cousin and me on the charge of arson and manslaughter; though I don't know how they made that out exactly. But it seems that poor Guy, hurrying to the burning house, and not being able to find any tidings of me, dashed headlong into the flames, calling out my name, and—I cannot end the sentence! Poor Guy! poor loving, faithful Guy! I wonder if I *am* a wretch, as Mr. Tagart says.

It was a poor kind of reward, however, to my hero for his bravery in saving my sister and her husband from such an awful death, to be arrested the moment he set foot on his native land. But California is not quite like England, and Cousin James made it right somehow with the consul and the judge; and to make assurance doubly sure, he took me away the next day to a solitary ravine among the mountains, where no one could find me, and where we lived absolutely in the wilderness till everything had blown over, and I was my own mistress and of age. Up to that time Mr. Tagart did not cease to persecute me; but we were too far off to be touched; and when Cousin James told our story, the popular feeling went so entirely with us that it would have been more than a man's life was worth to have attempted to molest us.

So here I am, at last LIVING—free, blessed and beloved; and though sometimes my heart turns back to dear old England with love and yearning, I have only to look at my hero—only to take my boy, and his, to my heart, and I forget then everything but that I am Cousin James's wife, and the happiest mother in the whole of this bright, beautiful, grand New World!

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE DERBY RACE.

The following account is the one received from London, England, by the New York Herald.

LONDON, May 29, 1872.—The race for the Derby was won by Cremorne, the property of Captain Saville.

SPLENDID SCENE ON THE DOWNS.

Never before in the history of the great English turf event was there a larger assemblage of people, of all classes, on Epsom Downs than was gathered there to-day. The popular enthusiasm which was maintained from early morning to the finale, and shown after the announcement of the result, was a pronouncement of citizen rebuke to the attempt made by Tom Hughes in the House of Commons, on Tuesday evening, to throw discredit on the racing sport festival, and to prevent the temporary adjournment of the Parliament, on motion of the Premier, with the view of permitting the members leisure for its enjoyment. The Royal family of England was well and worthily represented on the ground—although the Prince and Princess of Wales were absent—by the Duke of Edinburgh and Prince Arthur. There was an unusual turn out of the nobility and gentry.

OUTPOURING OF THE PEOPLE.

Before and after day-dawn the exodus of the population from the city commenced, and the roads were crowded with vehicles of every description, from the four-in-hand to the fashionable drag, and from the squire's trap to the costermonger's cart, which had been brought into requisition to convey the mass of democratic humanity.

AMUSEMENTS ON THE ROAD.

The increased facilities for railway travel, which the people now enjoy, diminished, to some extent, the glories of the "road" in going from London, but the weather being very fine a cavalcade of Cockney sportsmen held high carnival in continuous crowded stream, and the enjoyment of universal mirth and merriment all along the line from the great metropolis to Epsom, a distance of sixteen miles.

A DAZZLING DISPLAY.

The finished scene, which was presented in the field just previous to the start, was grand in the extreme. The stands were filled to overflowing, and the crowds, or clouds, of carriages, with ladies elegantly and gayly dressed, made a rural picture which was wonderfully fine.

I remarked that blue was the prevailing color in the toilettes of the female spectators, and pretty much also among the men on horseback. When the hour for the race approached the concourse of spectators was tremendous. Among the number were the most prominent Englishmen of the day, together with many notable persons from other countries, including Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, the American prima donna. The turf was in a most splendid condition.

THE START.

There were twenty-three starters. Winslow was the only animal withdrawn from the entry. He was kicked in the morning, and the great jockey, Fordham, who has never won the Derby, thus lost a mount. The horses were brought to the stand in good order. The signal for the start being given, all went off in good order at the first attempt. The pace was, at the moment, what is termed slow. When the horses fairly settled down to the work, Westland, Prince Charlie, Almoner and Cremorne came out from the heap. Prince Charlie fell into the crowd again going up the hill to the furzes, and in the furzes Westland, Wenlock and Cremorne. Rounding Tattenham Corner, into the straight line, Cremorne took a prominent place, and improved his position, attended by Brother to Flurry and Messenger from a distance. The race was confined to the first three. Brother to Flurry made a fierce struggle and was beaten by a head. The race was finely contested to the finish.

THE RACE.

The following is the summary of the running:—

The Derby Stakes of 50 sovs. each, half forfeit; for colts, 8 stone 10 lbs., and fillies 8 stone 5 lbs., then three years old; about a mile and a half; the owner of the second horse to receive 300 sovs., and the third 150 sovs. out of the stakes (191 subscribers.)

Mr. H. Saville's c. Cremorne, by Parmesian, out of Rigolboche, 1

Mr. Payne's br. c. Brother to Flurry, by Young Melbourne, out of Makeshift, 2

Lord Falmouth's Queen's Messenger, 3

The betting just previous to the start was 3 to 1 against Cremorne, 3 to 1 against Brother to Flurry, and 6 to 1 against Queen's Messenger.

Maidment was the jockey of Cremorne, Challoner of Brother to Flurry, and French of Queen's Messenger.

The time was two minutes and forty-five and a half seconds. So closely was the race contested, that Cremorne won by only a head.

EXCITEMENT DURING THE STRUGGLE AND SALUTATION FOR THE VICTOR.

Cheer upon cheer broke the air as the different jockeys urged their steeds forward in hopes of being the first at the stand, and when Cremorne came in ahead the enthusiasm was unparalleled. No accident whatever occurred to mar the general pleasure of the day. All the accounts received in the city from the Downs this evening agree in stating that the crowd of spectators at the race was the largest ever seen on Derby Day. A point of great interest is whether Prince Charlie is a roarer and could compass the distance and difficulties of the Derby. He run the Two Thousand Guineas on a flat course, beating Cremorne and Messenger, but here on the Derby he never got to the front.

MR. HUGHES AND THE DERBY IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

A lively sensation was created in the House of Commons on the night of May 28, by a bold protest from Tom Hughes against horse-racing and the usual adjournment of Parliament for the Derby day, which occurred on the morrow.

Mr. Gladstone moved that the House adjourn until Thursday.

Mr. Hughes, on rising to oppose the motion, was received with ironical cheers and laughter. He pointed to the fact that the House adjourned only two hours on Ascension-day for divine worship, and now proposed to adjourn twenty-four hours for the Derby. It was incompatible with the dignity of the Commons to recognize horse-racing. The English race-course had introduced the most corrupt and insidious system of gambling which had ever disgraced any country. While he was opposed to this species of amusement he believed in manly sports like international boat races, cricket, and other salutary competitions of human strength and pluck, and thought they should be encouraged. The motion for an adjournment, however, was carried by a vote of 212 to 58.

THE TREATY TROUBLE NOT YET SETTLED.

The treaty of Washington is again in peril. The Senate, after a long session, on Saturday night, May 25, finally voted upon the supplementary article to the Treaty of Washington and, by the necessary Constitutional majority of two-thirds, advised and consented to its negotiation by the President. The form to which consent was given, however, was not that originally submitted by Earl Granville, and is understood not to be acceptable to the English Ministry, because it does not, as they hold, express with sufficient distinctness the American withdrawal of the indirect claims.

The Ministry want it sent back to the Senate for further modification. The President, we are informed, has declined to do this, for the reason that he thinks the language of the article really does express the withdrawal of the disputed claims. In this declination the President is supported by the Cabinet and a majority of the Senate.

This determination of the Government has been communicated to General Schenck, and at Washington they are now awaiting advices from London as to the course England intends to take.

THE CASE OF DR. HOUARD.

Dr. John E. Houard, the American citizen condemned to eight years' penal servitude at Centa, for alleged complicity with the Cuban insurrection, arrived on April 1st at Cadiz, Spain, where he is now detained, awaiting further investigation of his case. In consequence of the interposition of Gen. Alfred N. Duffie, U. S. Consul at Cadiz, the governor of the prison in which Dr. Houard is confined, ordered the shackles and handcuffs to be removed from the prisoner, who has also been permitted to purchase a few articles of dress to replace his ragged garments. The prison is a large, square, two-story, old stucco building, situated on the southern extremity of Cadiz, facing the sea, and standing isolated on the high thick walls that surround the city. A New York Herald correspondent, who, in company with Gen. Duffie, recently visited the prisoner, describes Dr. Houard as a tall, thin man, with a full, short beard, pale and haggard, weighing hardly one hundred pounds, and seeming to be just recovering from a severe attack of illness. Dr. Houard says that he is confined in a very unclean room, 150 feet long, full of every description of vermin. During his voyage to Cadiz—a period of seventeen days—he was kept in irons, although suffering from dysentery, and on his arrival he was chained to the wall. In consequence, however, of Gen. Duffie's representations, Dr. Houard's condition has been improved in every respect, and he will probably soon be released.

THE CENTENNIAL COMMISSION.

After a long, busy and, upon the whole, apparently a successful session in this city, the centennial convention has adjourned until December. It did not finish its labors until it had fairly laid out the work for the four years to come, both in respect to the building and grounds and to the collection of goods for exhibition. On the last day of its session it received the very gratifying assurance that both branches of Congress had passed the centennial bill without amendment—a most important measure. Thus, in fine, everything promises well for the great national celebration. There is abundant time remaining to secure complete success in every detail. It is pleasant to observe the repeated, profuse and evidently very sincere acknowledgments of courtesies received here by the commissioners, with their plentiful references to municipal hospitality. Philadelphia will undoubtedly profit, directly and indirectly, to the extent of millions of dollars by the fair of 1876, and she has already given evidence that she will prove herself worthy of the honor of being selected as the site of the national celebration.

ITEMS.

Twenty thousand immigrants landed at Castle Garden, New York, last week. This is said to be the largest number on record for one week.

Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, brother of Lord Lytton, died on the night of May 26, aged 68. He was Minister to Washington from 1849 to 1852.

The Archduchess Sophia, mother of the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, died on the morning of May 28, of typhoid fever at Vienna, Austria.

Faber's lead pencil factory in New York, was burned on the morning of May 29. The loss is estimated at $200,000. The watchman is missing.

BASE BALL.

OLYMPIC VS. MANSFIELD.

At Baltimore, May 28, the Olympic Club of that city defeated the Mansfield of Connecticut. The following was the score:—Mansfield, 13; Olympic, 15.

BOSTON VS. TROY.

At Troy, May 29, the Boston defeated the Troy Club by a score of 10 to 7.

A TERRIBLE COUNTRY.

The Valley of Death, a spot almost as terrible as the prophet's valley of dry bones, lies just north of the old Mormon road to California, a region 30 miles long by 30 broad, and surrounded, except at two points, by inaccessible mountains. It is totally devoid of water and vegetation, and the shadow of bird or wild beast never darkens its white glaring sands. The Kansas Pacific Railroad engineers discovered it, and also some papers which show the fate of the "lost Montgomery train," which came south from Salt Lake in 1850, guided by a Mormon. When near Death's Valley, some came to the conclusion that the Mormons knew nothing about the country, so they appointed one of their number a leader, and broke off from the party. The leader turned due west; so with the people and wagons and flocks he travelled three days, and then descended into the broad valley, whose treacherous mirage promised water. They reached the centre, but only the white sand, bounded by scorching peaks, met their gaze. Around the valley they wandered, and one by one the men died, and the panting flocks stretched themselves in death under the hot sun. Then the children, crying for water, died at their mothers' breasts, and with swollen tongues and burning vitals the mothers followed. Wagon after wagon was abandoned, and strong men tottered, and raved and died. After a week's wandering, a dozen survivors found some water in the hollow of a rock in the mountain. It lasted but a short time, when all perished but two, who escaped out of the valley and followed the trail of their former companions. Eighty-seven families, with hundreds of animals perished here, and now, after 22 years, the wagons stand still complete, the iron works and tires are bright, and the shrivelled skeletons lie side by side.—*Springfield Republican.*

☞ A man in Indiana has recently obtained a divorce from his ninth wife.

☞ The pleasure boats which belonged to the Imperial family of France, were lately sold at auction in Paris. A gondola, handsomely carved and lined with red silk, brought $500; a very elegant steamboat, given to the Emperor by M. Benoist-Champy, President of the Rowing Club, went up to $1040. The sale did not last more than 25 minutes, and the whole amount received was $2500.

☞ Connecticut papers note the shipment of large quantities of "medicated cider" into Massachusetts since the enforcement of the Prohibitory Liquor law.

☞ "What are you digging there for?" asked a loiterer of three men who were digging a trench in the street. "Money, zur," the answer came. The man watched the operation until the joke got through to the roots of his hair, and then moved on.

☞ Some Detroit women, of the practical missionary stamp, lately visited a sick and widowed neighbor, shingled her house, planked her sidewalk, picketed her fence, painted one room and papered two, and split and piled a load of slab wood.

☞ Silver coin to the extent of $500,000,000 is believed to be buried in India.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for the first insertion.

Twenty cents for each additional insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

REVOLVERS AT COST.—Clark's six-shooter, a neat, pretty, and durable weapon, 3 inch barrel, shoots accurately at 30 paces. Uses a No. 22 cartridge, and will just suit all who wish a reliable weapon. Price $1.50, post-paid, two for $2.50. Address, NELSON & CO., Manufacturers, Box 840, Independence, Mo. june8-1t

TWO-THIRDS SAVED.—Buy FLOWER ROOTS from GRIBBE & NIEUWLAND. Send for Catalogue. 13 First street, New York. 1t

50 HUMBUGS exposed in last 2 numbers of "Variety." Specimen free. Variety Co., Saco, Me. june8-2t

CURLS—CURLS.—One application of my HAIR CURLER will Curl the straightest hair into beautiful Curls, and last six months in every single case, or money refunded. Sent by mail post-paid for 50 cents a package. Address J. F. JAGGERS, Box 2743, St. Louis, Mo. june1-2t

A MAN OF A THOUSAND.

A CONSUMPTIVE CURED.

When death was hourly expected from Consumption, all remedies having failed, accident led to a discovery whereby Dr. H. James cured his only child. He now gives this receipt free on receipt of two stamps to pay expenses. There is not a single symptom of Consumption that it does not dissipate, Night Sweats, Irritation of the Nerves, Difficult Expectoration, Sharp Pains in the Lungs, Nausea at the Stomach, Insection of the Bowels, and Wasting Away of the Muscles. Address CRADDOCK & CO., 1032 Race St., Philadelphia, Penn., giving name of Saturday Evening Post. june1-3m

EMPLOYMENT for Male and Female. *No money required until goods are sold.* Send stamp for agent's circulars. L. FARRINGTON, 30 Laight st. N.Y. june1-4t

MUSEUM OF WONDERS and elegant Chromo for 10c. CENTRAL BOOK CO., Garrettsville, Ohio. may18-13t

A Handsome BREASTPIN with EAR JETS to match, by mail, for $1. In appearance they are equal to Gold. Address J. E. BROWN, Box 218, Norristown, Pennsylvania. may18-4t

POMONA NURSERY.

The largest, best, and cheapest Imperial and Colossal Asparagus, roots and seed. Herstine and Brandywine Raspberries, Blackberries, Rhubarb and Strawberries; Apple, Peach, Pear, Cherry, Plum, Extra fine Concord Grape Vines. Send for Catalogue. WM. PARRY, CINNAMINSON, N. J. may18-26t

DELACOVE INSTITUTE for Young Ladies, TRENTON, NEW JERSEY. Popular for home, church, and school advantages. For circular, address the Principal, Miss RACHELLE G. HUNT. mh30-26t

SKIN DISEASES.

For Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.

CERTIFICATES.

The following, from among a host of similar Testimonials of the extraordinary virtues of GOURAUD'S ITALIAN MEDICATED SOAP, are selected for their brevity:—

Cure of Salt Rheum.

DR. GOURAUD:—Dear Sir—I was for several weeks sorely afflicted with Salt Rheum on my hands and fingers. Your Medicated Soap was recommended to me. I bought a cake, wetted it and rubbed it on my hands several times a day, and before the cake was used up, my hands were free from any disfigurements, and the cuticle all smooth and white. I had tried several remedies previously. You are welcome to print this testimonial to the worth of your Soap.

Yours, respectfully, HENRY BARTON, 84 Nassau street.

A Voice from Pittsburgh, Pa.

PITTSBURGH, March 7, 1872.

DR. FELIX GOURAUD:—Dear Sir—I received your highly Medicated Soap, and have used it one week. During the time I used the first cake my face changed every day, until I was entirely free of pimples, and to-day I can say I possess a clear complexion, SOLELY FROM THE USE of your Soap. I wish you to forward me at your earliest moment ½ a dozen of your Italian Medicated Soap.

Wishing you success and a long life, I remain your friend, J. C. STROUP, No. 65 Fifth avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Mr. Stroup is a highly respected and well-known citizen of Pittsburgh, and trustworthy.

DR. GOURAUD'S SOAP is also a sovereign remedy for SCALD HEADS, SCALP DISEASES, MOTH PATCHES, SALT RHEUM, RINGWORM, WORMS IN THE SKIN, and all SKIN BLEMISHES. Warranted, or no pay taken. 50 cents a cake. Found at DR. GOURAUD'S Old Established Depot, 48 BOND Street, and Druggists. Beware of imitations.

Gouraud's Soap.

We observe that Carleton & Hovey of this city advertise Gouraud's Italian Medicated Soap. It is long since we have seen the article, and do not refer to it in reference to the purpose to which it is said to be more particularly applied. But we can say from some experience years back, that it is by far the best article to be used in shaving that was ever manufactured. It costs even a little more than the best shaving soap, but there is nothing in the market that can compare with it in this regard. We can truly recommend it to every man who shaves himself and uses soap for that purpose, instead of any of its substitutes.

Mr. Crampton, the proprietor of the Golden Rule, says, whilst his son was in the country, he was terribly burnt. Gouraud's Italian Medicated Soap instantly cured him.

Ask the following well-known persons in the Nation:—Major-General SANDFORD, Colonel DE SOLLE, Editor; Capt. RYNDER, Ex-U. S. Marshal; FRANK QUINN, Editor; RICHARD GRANT WHITE, R. S. MCKENZIE, Editor; and a host of other celebrities.

PREPARED BY DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD, 48 BOND St., New York, formerly of Walker street, and late of 458 Broadway. Established 31 years.

To be had of all Druggists.

50 cents a cake.

DR. T. F. GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM or MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER needs no advertising; the demand for this admirable Cosmetic exceeds the Doctor's ability to supply promptly his customers. oct1-1y

BUY YOUR SEEDS, CABBAGE, TOMATO and Sweet Potato Plants direct of the grower. Sent by mail to any address. Send for catalogue for 1872. Address O. BURRAS, North Fairfield, O. mar30-13t

RIVERVIEW Military Academy, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. A thorough-going school for boys. mar9-22t

HOMESTEADS, Maps of all such entaken in Iowa for 25 cents. J. R. GAGE, Nevada, Iowa. mar30-13t

30 NEW SONGS, ARTS, and 20 NEW RECIPTS, mailed free. THEO. F. WOOD, Vernon, N. J. my4-13t

FREE TO BOOK AGENTS.

We will send a handsome Prospectus of our *New Illustrated Family Bible*, containing over 450 fine Scripture Illustrations to any Book Agent, free of charge. Address NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Phila., Pa. may18-7t

LIFE OF JAMES FISK.

A full account of all his schemes and enterprises,

TAMMANY FRAUDS,

and how the people are ruled and robbed by political rings.

ERIE RING,

and how a great corporation has been ruled and stockholders swindled.

Biographies of Vanderbilt, Drew, Gould, and other R. R. magnates; with *brilliant Pen Pictures* of the

SIGHTS AND SENSATIONS

In NEW YORK LIFE—JOSIE MANSFIELD, the siren, and EDWARD STOKES. Octavo of over 600 pages, profusely illustrated. AGENTS WANTED. Send $1.00 for outfit, and secure territory at once. Circulars free. UNION PUBLISHING CO., Chicago, Cincinnati, or Phila. ap6-12t

A 32-Page Book

SENT free to all. Send stamp to WILLIS & CO., 543 Broadway, New York. mar30-13t

GET THE ONLY STANDARD BOOK of the kind published. A $100 saved yearly by all who possess it. MORE MONEY can be made by Agents in canvassing for Youman's Dictionary of Every-Day Wants, containing 20,000 Receipts in every Department of Human Effort, than in any other possible way. From $15 to $40 a week insured. It is for every Housekeeper, Farmer, Trade and Profession. For the Sick and well. A reliable book of permanent value to every wide-awake progressive person. It sells itself. Extra terms. Address F. M. REED, 138 Eighth Street, New York. mar30-26t

AGENTS WANTED.—Agents make more money at work for us than at anything else. Particulars free. G. STINSON & Co., *Fine Art Publishers*, Portland, Maine. no18-52t

AGENTS LOOK! The Eureka Patent Linen Stamp and Card Printer, will outsell anything. A novelty everybody wants—convenient, useful, and uniquely beautiful. *Success Sure.*—$3 to $20 per day easily made. Any name, sent post-paid on receipt of price ($1.00). Liberal terms to agents. Send for Circulars to CHURCHILL & TEMPLETON, Manufacturers, 615 Broadway, N. Y. ap27-1y

$40 MADE FROM 50 Cts 40 samples sent post paid for 50 cents, that retail quick for $40. M. YOUNG, 401 Canal St. N.Y. may25-4teow

$100 TO $250 PER MONTH GUARANTEED sure to agents everywhere selling our new seven strand WHITE PLATINA CLOTHES LINES. Sells readily at every house. Samples free. Address the GIRARD WIRE MILLS, Philadelphia, Pa. may25-6cow2t

MONEY MADE RAPIDLY with Stencil and Key Check Outfits. Catalogues, samples and full particulars FREE. S. M. SPENCER, Brattleboro, Vt. jn6-52t

EPILEPSY OR FITS.

A remedy for this distressing complaint is now made known in a Treatise of 48 octavo pages, sent by mail free of charge. The prescription was discovered by him in such a providential manner that he cannot conscientiously refuse to make it known, as it has cured every body who has used it for Fits, never having failed in a single case. The ingredients may be obtained from any druggist. Persons desiring a copy may address Dr. O. PERRY BROWN, No. 21 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J., and it will be sent by return mail, free.

mar30-3m

or Cincinnati, O.

CHEAP PAINTING.—1/2 COST LEAD. 100 lbs. of the PERUVIAN COMPANY'S COLORED PAINT will paint as much as 200 lbs. of Lead, and wear longer. For circulars, send ten cents to S. BOWEN, Manager, No. 130 North 4th st., Phila., Pa. or New York.

Paints also sold by the Gallon, ready for use. ap27-6t

"ECONOMY IS WEALTH."—FRANKLIN.

WHY will people pay $50 or more for a SEWING MACHINE when $22 will buy one that has a *standard* reputation, is double thread, complete with Table, constructed upon entirely new and practical principles, runs by friction, and excels all others? These celebrated Machines are intended for poor people who want to save time, labor and money. ☞ AGENTS WANTED. Machines sent to Agents and given away to needy families. For Circulars and reduced prices, address Franklin and Diamond S. M. Co., Box 897, Boston, Mass. ap13-13t

PALMER PATENTS. BEST IN USE. PRINCIPAL OFFICE 1609 CHESTNUT STREET PHILADELPHIA. ADDRESS THE INVENTOR.

DR. B. FRANK PALMER, PRES'T A. A. LIMB CO'

Commissioned by the Surgeon-General,

FOR THE U. S. ARMY AND NAVY.

DR. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience.

More than a thousand distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty; while still greater numbers of civilians, by their aid, fill important positions, AND EFFECTUALLY CONCEAL THEIR MISFORTUNE.

All Genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

PAMPHLETS, which contain the NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS, and full information for persons in want of limbs, sent free, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

To avoid imposition apply only to

B. FRANK PALMER, LL. D.,

1609 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

nov5-tf

A VOID QUACKS.—A victim of early indiscretion, &c., causing nervous debility, premature decay, having tried in vain every advertised remedy, has discovered a simple means of self-cure, which he will send free to his fellow-sufferers. Address J. H. REEVES, 78 Nassau St., N. Y. au12-1y

RUPTURE

Relieved and Cured by Dr. Sherman's Patent Appliance and Compound. Office, 697 Broadway, N. Y. Send 10c. for book with photographic likenesses of cases before and after cure with the Henry Ward Beecher case, letters and portraits. Beware of traveling impostors, who pretend to have been assistants of Dr. SHERMAN. He has no Agents. ap6-1y

INSTANTANEOUS RELIEF AND SOUND, REFRESHING SLEEP guaranteed by using my "*Instant Relief for Asthma.*" *It acts instantly and completely, relieving the paroxysm immediately,* enabling the patient to *lie down and sleep.* I suffered from this disease twelve years, but suffer no longer, and work and sleep as well as any one. *Warranted* to relieve in every case. Sent by mail on receipt of price, $1 per Box, and 10 cents for postage. Ask for it at your Drug Store. CHAS. B. HURST, Rochester, Beaver County, Pa. de23-1y

Do Your Own Printing

WITH A

NOVELTY PRESS.

THE BEST EVER MADE FOR THE PURPOSE.

The most valuable addition to the BUSINESS OFFICE; the most efficient instructor in SCHOOLS; the most fascinating and instructive amusement in the FAMILY, and is unsurpassed for the use of Amateur and Regular Printers. Send for descriptive and illustrated Pamphlet to BENJ. O. WOODS, Manufacturer, 181 Federal St., Boston, Mass.; W. Y. EDWARDS, 543 Broadway, New York; KELLEY, HOWELL & LUDWIG, 917 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.; J. F. EDWARDS, 110 N. Sixth St., St. Louis, Mo.; A. C. KELLOGG, 83-85 South J ferson St., Chicago., Manufacturer's Agents. ap13-16teow

NERVOUS DEBILITY, Premature Decay, and all those terrible conditions resulting from early indiscretion, or otherwise, positively cured, after all other means fail, by a retired Physician. Prescription sent free. Enclose 3 stamps. Professor J. R. BUCHANAN, M. D., Medical Institute, 614 PINE Street, Philadelphia, Pa. jan27-ecw-13t

WIT AND HUMOR.

LEAP-YEAR FELICITIES.

"Eli Perkins" has undergone matrimonial proposals at the hands of one of his lady friends, and he has this to say about it:—

First, I called on my liquid-eyed brunette friend, Miss Sallie Morris, of Madison avenue. Now I've spent a good deal of money on Miss Sallie for operas, bouquets, Delmonico lunches, etc. I've been trying for two years to win her affections.

Last night, full of love and hope, I rang old Morris's door-bell. In a moment Miss Sallie was by myself on a retired sofa. After speaking of the coming opera, I felt her velvety hands touch mine.

"Do you know, Mr. Perkins," she said, looking me straight in the face, "that to day is our proposing day?"

"Well, I suppose so," I remarked, looking modestly down at her mosaic bracelet.

"Well, you know, Eli, my dear, Eli! that I have been out with you a good deal."

"Yes," I replied, beginning to feel embarrassed.

"You know my dear," she said, taking both of my hands, "that it is costing me a good deal for dresses and gloves, and—"

"And costing me a good deal for carriages, bouquets, and Delmonico lunches," I interrupted, with increased embarrassment.

"And while I have enjoyed myself all winter going with you, Eli—"

"In expensive carriages to the Academy and Delmonico's" I suggested.

"Yes, while I have been happy to go there with you—I feel—I feel—Oh, my dear Eli, I don't know how to say what I want to!" and then the beautiful child hid her face on my bosom.

"Do not fear my answer, beautiful one," I said soothingly. "What is it that weighs so upon your sorrowful heart?"

"Oh! Eli, it is love," she said, sobbing wildly, and twisting her jeweled fingers in my auburn hair.

"Heaven be praised," I sighed, as I felt the beating of her heart against my vest. "For whom is this love, darling?" I asked, for you know I am deeply interested in you."

"You will not be mad with me, Eli?"

"No, sweet one. I shall be only too happy," I said, wiping my tears from my eyes.

"Well, my dear—my long-cherished friend, I love—"

"Who, dear Sallie—who do you love?"

"Well, Eli, I love Charley Brown, to whom I am engaged; and then the scalding tears fell thick and fast on my shirt-bosom.

"Well, Sallie, what have you got to say to me?" I asked hesitatingly as I loosened her hands from my neck.

"Why, my dear Eli, Charley and father thought that I had better see you, and propose—"

"Oh, darling one, I am thine!" I said, with great emotion. "Take me! Never mind father. Take me as I am. Take—"

"But, Eli, let me explain. They wanted me to see you, and thank you for your many kindnesses, and propose *that you don't come here any more!*"

SCENE IN A STREET CAR.

The following amusing scene is related to have occurred recently in a Washington horse-car. As the car was passing down Pennsylvania avenue, a well-dressed young man was standing on the rear platform, with one foot on a trunk. He was approached by the conductor, and his fare demanded, which was promptly handed over.

Conductor—I demand 25 cents for the trunk.

Young Man (hesitating)—25 cents? Well, I think I will not pay it.

C.—Then I shall put the trunk off.

Y. M.—You had better not, or you may be sorry for it.

Conductor pulls strap, stops car, dumps trunk on the avenue, starts car, and after going some two squares approaches the young man, who was still as calm as a summer morning, and in an angry mood, says: "Now I have put your trunk off, what are you going to do about it?"

Young Man (coolly.)—Well, I don't propose to do anything about it; it's no concern of mine; it wasn't my trunk.

Conductor (fiercely.)—Then, why didn't you tell me so?

Y. M.—Because you did not ask me, and I told you you'd be sorry for it.

C. (furious.)—Then go inside the car.

Y. M.—Oh, no! you're good enough company for me out here.

At this juncture a portly German emerges from the car, and angrily says, "Hi! you feller, where is mine drunk!"

Young Man.—My friend, I think that is your trunk down on the avenue there.

German.—Who puts him off? I bafe de monish to pay him. I will see about dat.

The car was stopped, and shortly afterwards the conductor was seen to come perspiring up with the trunk on his back—a part of the performance he did not enjoy half as well as did the passengers.

GOOD ENOUGH.

A watch trader at the depot, a few days since, accosted a farmer somewhat noted in the rural districts for both stammering and joking. The trader, thinking he had picked up a man who was a little green, commenced by recommending his watch, (which occasionally stopped,) as "a fine, honest little watch, not high priced, but a good timer, and a first-rate bargain for the purchaser." Suiting the action to the words he had used, trader handed the watch to farmer, who held it up to his ear. "No tick." It had stopped only a second before, just as a train of cars came along. After listening a few seconds, farmer said:—

"W—w—what, s't 'fraid of the c—c—cars?"

The laugh broke irresistibly from the by-standers, and the trader took the watch and cars about the same time.

THE NEW COACHMAN.

A family living in the country hired a new coachman, and his name was William.

As both the gentleman of the house and his eldest son were named William, it was thought advisable, to avoid confusion, to call the coachman by his last name.

William had no objection to this plan, and was asked to state his surname.

"Deary," said he, with a diabolical grin.

The family shudder.

Think of it. How would this sort of thing sound:

"Deary, come here a minute."

"Cut me some flowers for a bouquet, Deary."

"How long I have been waiting for you, Deary?"

The family resolved to stand by William.

CONFOUNDING.—Twenty-five or thirty years ago, Rev. Charles G. Finney, now president of Oberlin College, was carrying on a series of revival meetings in Boston. One day a gentleman called to see him on business. Mr. Finney's daughter, perhaps five years old, answered the ring.

"Is your father in?" asked the stranger.

"No," replied the demure maiden. "But walk in, poor dying sinner! Mother can pray for you."

☞ A Mississippi town well was lately explored to see what gave the water its Saratoga taste. Eighteen dead dogs were eliminated.

[From the Records of the French Courts.]

THE POISONED MEAL.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

[CONTINUED.]

Friley was the first to be examined. After stating what share he had taken in bringing Marie to justice (it will be remembered that he lodged his information against her at the instance of Madame Duparc, without allowing her to say a word in her own defence,) he proceeded to depose that he hunted about the bed on which the girl had lain down to recover herself, and that he discovered on the mattress seven or eight scattered grains of some substance which resembled the powder reported to have been found on the crumbs in her pockets. He added further that on the next day, about two hours before the body of Monsieur de Beaulieu was examined, he returned to the house, searched under the bed with Monsieur Duparc and a soldier named Canvin, and found there four or five grains more of the same substance which he had discovered on the mattress.

Here were two separate portions of poison found, then. What did Friley do with them? Did he seal them up immediately, in the presence of witnesses, and take them to the legal authorities? Nothing of the sort. On being asked what he did with the first portion, he replied that he gave it to young Monsieur Beauguillot. Beauguillot's evidence was thereupon referred to, and it was found that he had never mentioned receiving the packet of powder from Friley. He had made himself extremely officious in examining the kitchen utensils; he had been as anxious as any one to promote the discovery of arsenic; and when he had the opportunity of producing it, if Friley were to be believed, he held it back, and said not one word about the matter. So much for the first portion of the mysterious powder, and for the credibility of Friley's evidence thus far.

On being questioned as to what he had done with the second portion alleged to have been found under the bed, Frily replied that he had handed it to the doctors who opened the body, and that they had tried to discover what it was by burning it between two copper pieces. A witness who had been present at this proceeding declared, on being questioned, that the experiment had been made with some remains of hasty-pudding scraped out of the saucepan. Here again was a contradiction, and here, once more, Friley's evidence was, to say the least of it, not to be depended on.

Surgeon Hebert followed. What had he done with the crumbs of bread scattered over with white powder, which he had found in Marie's pocket? He had, after showing them to the company in the drawing-room, exhibited them next to the apothecary, and handed them afterward to another medical man. Being finally assured that there was arsenic on the bread, he had sealed up the crumbs, and given the packet to the legal authorities. When had he done that? On the day of his examination as a witness—the fourteenth of August. When did he find the crumbs? On the seventh. Here was the arsenic, in this case, then, passing about from hand to hand, and not sealed up, for seven days. Had Surgeon Hebert anything more to say? Yes; he had another little lot of arsenic to hand in, which a lady friend of his had told him she had found on Marie's bed, and which, like the first lot, had been passed about privately for seven days, from hand to hand, before it was sealed up. To us, in these later and better days, it seems hardly credible that the judge should have admitted these two packets in evidence. It is, nevertheless, the disgraceful fact that he did so receive them.

Commissary Bertot came next. He and the man named Vassol, who had helped him to entrap Marie into prison, and to search her before she was placed in solitary confinement, were examined in succession, and contradicted each other on oath in the flattest manner.

Bertot stated that he had discovered the dust at the bottom of her pockets; had shaken it out on paper; had placed with it the little linen bag, containing a morsel of the sacramental wafer, which had been sewn to her petticoat; had sealed the two up in one packet; and had taken the packet to the proper office. Vassol, on the other hand, swore that *he* had shaken out the pockets, and had made up the packet; and that Bertot had done nothing in the matter but lend his seal. Contradicting each other in these details, both agreed that what they had found on the girl was inclosed and sealed up in *one* packet, which they had left at the office, neglecting to take such a receipt for it as might have established its identity in writing. At this stage of the proceedings the packet was sent for.

Three packets appeared instead of one. Two were composed of paper, and contained dust and a little white powder. The third was the linen bag, presented without any covering at all. Vassol, bewildered by the change declared that of these three separate objects he could only identify one—the linen bag. In this case, it was as clear as daylight that somebody must have tampered with the single sealed packet which Bertot and Vassol swore to having left at the office. No attempt, however, was made to investigate this circumstance; and the case for the prosecution—so far as the accusation of poisoning was concerned—closed with the examination of Bertot and Vassol.

Such was the evidence produced in support of a charge which involved nothing less than the life or death of a human being.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SENTENCE.

While the inquiry was in course of progress various details connected with it found their way out of doors. The natural sense of justice among the people which had survived the corruptions of the time was aroused to assert itself on behalf of the maid-of-all-work. The public voice spoke as loudly as it dared in those days, in Marie's favor, and in condemnation of the conspiracy against her.

People persisted, from the first, in inquiring how it was that arsenic had got into the house of Monsieur Duparc; and rumor answered, in more than one direction, that a member of the family had purchased the poison a short time since, and that there were persons in the town who could prove it. To the astonishment of every one, no steps were taken by the legal authorities to clear up this report, and to establish the truth or the falsehood of it before the trial.

Another circumstance, of which, also, no explanation was attempted, filled the public mind with natural suspicion. This was the disappearance of the eldest son of Monsieur and Madame Duparc. On the day of his grandfather's sudden death he had been sent, as may be remembered, to bring his father back from the country; and, from that time forth, he had never reappeared at the house, and nobody could say what had become of him. Was it not natural to connect together the rumors of purchased poison and the mysterious disappearance of this young man? Was it not utterly inconsistent with any proceedings conducted in the name of justice to let these suspicious circumstances exist without making the slightest attempt to investigate and to explain them?

But, apart from all other considerations, the charge against Marie was, on the face of it, preposterously incredible. A friendless young girl arrives at a strange town, possessing excellent testimonials to her character, and gets a situation in a family, every member of which is utterly unknown to her until she enters the house. Established in her new place, she instantly conceives the project of poisoning the whole family, and carries it out in five days from the time when she first took her situation, by killing one member of the household, and producing suspicious symptoms of illness in the cases of all the rest. She commits this crime having nothing to gain by it; and she is so inconceivably reckless of detection that she scatters poison about the bed on which she lies down, leaves poison sticking to crumbs in her pockets, puts those pockets on when her mistress tells her to do so, and hands them over without a moment's hesitation to the first person who asks permission to search them. What mortal evidence could substantiate such a wild charge as this? How does the evidence actually presented substantiate it? No shadow of proof that she had purchased arsenic is presented to begin with. The evidence against her is evidence which attempts to associate her with the actual possession of poison What is it worth? In the first place, the witnesses contradicted each other. In the second place, in no one case in which powdered substances were produced in evidence against her had those powdered substances been so preserved as to prevent their being tampered with. Two packets of the powder pass about from hand to hand for seven days; two have been given to witnesses who can't produce them, or account for what has become of them; and one, which the witnesses who made it up swear to as a single packet, suddenly expands into three when it is called for in evidence.

Careless as they were of assuming even the external decencies of justice, the legal authorities, and their friends the Duparcs, felt that there would be some risk in trying their victim for her life on such evidence as this, in a large town like Caen. It was impossible to shift their ground and charge her with poisoning accidentally; for they either could not, or would not, account on ordinary grounds for the presence of arsenic in the house. And, even if this difficulty were overcome, and if it were alleged that arsenic, purchased for killing vermin, had been carelessly placed in one of the salt-cellars on the dresser, Madame Duparc could not deny that her own hands had salted the hasty-pudding on the Monday, and that her servant had been too ill through exhaustion to cook the dinner on the Tuesday. Even supposing there were no serious interests of the vilest kind at stake, which made the girl's destruction a matter of necessity, it was clearly impossible to modify the charge against her. One other alternative remained—the alternative of adding a second accusation which might help to strengthen the first, and to degrade Marie in the estimation of those inhabitants of the town who were now disposed to sympathize with her.

The poor girl's character was so good, her previous country life had been so harmless, that no hint or suggestion for a second charge against her could be found in her past history. If her enemies were to succeed, it was necessary to rely on pure invention. Having hesitated before at no extremes of baseness and falsehood, thus far they were true to themselves in regard to any vile venture which remained to be tried.

A day or two after the examination of the witnesses called to prove the poisoning had been considered complete, the public of Caen were amazed to hear that certain disclosures had taken place which would render it necessary to try Marie on a charge of theft as well as of poisoning. She was now not only accused of the murder of Monsieur de Beaulieu, but of robbing her former mistress, Madame Dumesnil (a relation, be it remembered, of Monsieur Revel's,) in the situation she occupied before she came to Caen; of robbing the Madame Duparc, and of robbing the shopwoman from whom she had bought the piece of orange-colored stuff, the purchase of which is mentioned in an early part of this narrative.

There is no need to hinder the progress of the story by entering into details in relation to this second atrocious charge. When the reader is informed that the so-called evidence in support of the accusation of theft was got up by Procurator Revel, by Commissary Bertot, and by Madame Duparc, he will know beforehand what importance to attach to it, and what opinion to entertain on the question of the prisoner's innocence or guilt.

The preliminary proceedings were now considered to be complete. During their progress Marie had been formally interrogated, in her prison, by the legal authorities. Fearful as her situation was, the poor girl seems to have maintained self-possession enough to declare her innocence of poisoning, and her innocence of the theft, firmly. Her answers, it is needless to say, availed her nothing. No legal help was assigned to her; no such institution as a jury was in existence in France. Procurator Revel collected the evidence, Procurator Revel tried the case, Procurator Revel delivered the sentence. Need the reader be told that Marie's irresponsible judge and unscrupulous enemy had no difficulty whatever in finding her guilty? She had been arrested on the seventh of August, seventeen hundred and eighty-one. Her doom was pronounced on the seventeenth of April, seventeen hundred and eighty-two. Throughout the whole of that interval she remained in prison.

The sentence was delivered in the following terms. It was written, printed, and placarded in Caen; and it is here translated from the original French: —

"The Procurator Royal of the Bailiwick and civil and criminal Bench and Presidency of Caen, having taken cognizance of the documents concerning the trial specially instituted against Marie-Francoise-Victorie-Salmon, accused of poisoning; the said documents consisting of an official report of the capture of the said Marie-Francoise-Victorie-Salmon on the seventh of August last, together with other official reports, &c.:

"Requires that the prisoner shall be declared duly convicted—

"I. Of having on the Monday morning of the sixth of August last cooked some hasty pudding for Monsieur Paisant de Beaulieu, father-in-law of Monsieur Huet-Duparc, in whose house the prisoner had lived in the capacity of servant from the first day of the said month of August; and of having put arsenic in the said hasty pudding while cooking it, by which arsenic the said Monsieur de Beaulieu died poisoned, about six o'clock on the same evening.

"II. Of having on the next day, Tuesday, the seventh of August last, put arsenic into the soup which was served at noon, at the table of Monsieur and Madame Duparc, her employers, in consequence of which all those persons who sat at table and eat of the said soup were poisoned and made dangerously ill, to the number of seven.

"III. Of having been discovered with arsenic in her possession, which arsenic was found on the said Tuesday, in the afternoon, not only in the pockets of the prisoner, but upon the mattress of the bed on which she was resting; the said arsenic having been recognized as being of the same nature and precisely similar to that which the guests discovered to have been put into their soup, as also to that which was found the next day in the body of the aforesaid Monsieur de Beaulieu, and in the saucepan in which the hasty pudding had been cooked, of which the aforesaid Monsieur de Beaulieu had eaten.

"IV. Of being *strongly suspected* of having put some of the same arsenic into a plate of cherries which she served to Madame de Beaulieu, on the same Tuesday morning, and again, on the afternoon of the same day, at the table of Monsieur and Madame Duparc.

"V. Of having, at the period of Michaelmas, seventeen hundred and eighty, committed different robberies at the house of Monsieur Dumesnil, where she lived in the capacity of servant, and notably of stealing a sheet, of which she made herself a petticoat and an apron.

"VI. Of having, at the beginning of the month of August last, stolen, in the house of Monsieur Huet-Duparc, the different articles enumerated at the trial, and which were found locked up in her cupboard.

"VII. Of being *strongly suspected* of stealing, at the beginning of the said month of August, from the woman Lefévre, a piece of orange-colored stuff.

"For punishment and reparation of which offences, she, the said Marie-Francoise-Victorie-Salmon, shall be condemned to make atonement, in her shift, with a halter round her neck, holding in her hands a burning wax candle of the weight of two pounds, before the principal gate and entrance of the church of St. Peter, to which she shall be taken and led by the executioner of criminal sentences, who will tie in front of her and behind her back a placard, on which shall be written, in large characters, these words: *Poisoner and Domestic Thief.* And there, being on her knees, she shall declare that she has wickedly committed the said robberies and poisonings, for which she repents and asks pardon of God and Justice. This done, she shall be led by the said executioner to the square of the market of Saint Saviour's, to be there fastened to a stake with a chain of iron, and to be burnt alive; her body to be reduced to ashes, and the ashes to be cast to the winds; her goods to be acquired and confiscated to the king, or to whomsoever else they may belong. Said goods to be charged with a fine of ten livres to the king, in the event of the confiscation not turning to the profit of his Majesty.

"Required, additionally, that the said prisoner shall be previously submitted to the Ordinary and Extraordinary Torture, to obtain information of her accomplices, and notably of those who either sold to her or gave to her the arsenic found in her possession. Order hereby given for the printing and placarding of this sentence, in such places as shall be judged fit. Deliberated at the bar, this seventeenth April, seventeen hundred and eighty-two.

(Signed) "REVEL."

On the next day, the eighteenth, this frightful sentence was formally confirmed.

The matter had now become public, and no one could prevent the unfortunate prisoner from claiming whatever rights the law still allowed her. She had the privilege of appealing against her sentence before the parliament of Rouen. And she appealed accordingly; being transferred, as directed by the law in such cases, from the prison at Caen to the prison at Rouen, to await the decision of the higher tribunal.

On the seventeenth of May the Rouen parliament delivered its judgment, and confirmed the original sentence.

There was some difficulty, at first, in making the unhappy girl understand that her last chance for life had failed her. When the fact that her sentence was ordered to be carried out was at length impressed on her mind, she sank down with her face on the prison floor—then started up on her knees, passionately shrieking to heaven to have pity on her, and to grant her the justice and protection which men denied. Her agitation at the frightful prospect before her was so violent, her screams of terror were so shrill and piercing, that all the persons connected with the management of the prison hurried together to her cell. Among the number were three priests, who were accustomed to visit the prisoners and to administer spiritual consolation to them. These three men mercifully set themselves to soothe the mental agony from which the poor creature was suffering. When they had partially quieted her, they soon found her willing and anxious to answer their questions. They inquired carefully into the main particulars of her sad story; and all three came to the same conclusion, that she was innocent. Seeing the impression she had produced on them, she caught, in her despair, at the idea that they might be able to preserve her life; and the dreadful duty devolved on them of depriving her of this last hope. After the confirmation of the sentence, all that they could do was to prove their compassion by preparing her for eternity.

On the 26th of May the priests spoke their last words of comfort to her soul. She was taken back again, to await the execution of her sentence in the prison of Caen. The day was at last fixed for her death by burning, and the morning came when the Torture-Chamber was opened to receive her.

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)

It suddenly enters Jones's head, going home about two o'clock on a moonlight morning from a gentleman's party, to inquire at his friend Brown's boarding-house, whether Brown has returned from Europe yet.

Jones is very much astonished that Brown's landlady should appear so indignant, and be so short and tart in her replies to his polite inquiries.

The next day, however, he has a faint remembrance of what has occurred, and is not quite so much astonished.

Answers to Correspondents.

G. L. T. (Fayette, Wis.) writes: "Will you please inform me what size paper is preferable to write on in writing for the press? Also, through your columns, inform me whether the leaves should be cut apart, or whether the sheet should be left in one piece?" Write on note paper of the size on which your present note is written, and separate the leaves.

I. M. M. (Hareville, Pa.) writes: "I have read the answers to my questions, published in No. 20. I am not quite satisfied with one of them, viz.: when and where the day begins. I know very well that the day begins at sunrise, generally speaking. It appears that the question is not stated rightly, and should be stated thus: When and where does the name of the day begin? Sunday, for instance. Now put on your studying cap, and oblige an anxious reader, if possible." Your second stating of the case does not help the matter. We are obliged to repeat that the day begins when and where the sun rises. You are laboring under a misapprehension in supposing that the commencement of the day can be localized in any special region. Every point, on each circle of latitude surrounding the earth, has its own time for the beginning of the day, and no one can claim precedence over the others. Had you asked, when and where does the day begin in the United States, a more definite answer might have been given. It might here be said to begin on the most easterly portion of the Atlantic coast, at an hour for each place depending on its difference in longitude from this place of beginning.

HOMESTEAD CRITIC, (Fairton, N.J.,) writes: "Will you please consider the following relative to the squirrel problem? Do visual impressions ever exert an intoxicating influence over the mind? Giddiness, the effect of gazing downwards from a lofty height, false conception of motion, as the moon apparently sailing through the clouds, disturbance of equilibrium attending the rapid revolution of the body, are a few of the many instances which will at once suggest themselves to your mind, as causes capable of perverting the functions of the brain through the eye. If granted, did not the eye of the hunter deceive the mind and falsify the judgment in his solution of the squirrel problem? You, placing yourself in his position, had the same unfavorable influences brought to bear, and answered accordingly, and, I think, incorrectly. Problem. A man observed a squirrel on the opposite side of a tree from him, and as he went round the tree, the squirrel kept in the same relative position. When he got back to the starting place had he been round the squirrel? Evidently he had. To be round, near, or by, an object (synonymous terms) does not necessarily denote that you must surround that object, and if it did, when you assert that the man has gone round the tree you must admit that he has been round the squirrel, else gone between the tree and the squirrel." Our critic gives a diagram, and a geometrical analysis of the question, which we have not space to insert. As to his first question one effect of intoxication is to weaken the control of the brain over the muscles, and giddiness has a similar effect, so in this they are similar. We fear our friend has had his eyes on that squirrel so long as to be slightly affected with the intoxication of giddiness. In considering that knotty problem, we were, positively, trying to be humorous; therefore, to declare our solution incorrect is to say that there is no fun in our humor. The fact is that, like Holmes' funny man, we dare not be as funny as we can, for fear our friends might shed their buttons as the Autumnal woods shed their leaves. Well then, to be serious, to be round, near, or by, are not synonymous terms. To be round an object it must be situated somewhere in a plane surface, in which plane we describe a figure around it. If out of the plane we would not be going around it any more than walking around a patch of moonlight would be going round the moon. Now the squirrel is up the tree, far out of the plane in which we move, consequently we get round the tree only, not round the squirrel.

MISS M. F. M. (Dresden, O.) writes: "Will the editor of the Post be kind enough to send me the address of the agents of the fund where young men just going into business can get money at five per cent., by giving certain securities, and greatly oblige an old reader?" The Treasurer is Henry K. Townsend, of Walnut above Seventh street. The benefits of the fund are confined to residents of this city.

A. (Covington, La.) writes: "Observing in the Post of April 13th that the question is asked, Did you ever hear of a vegetable called Dish-Rag Squash? to which you give a negative answer, I thought I would write you on the subject, hoping my information will be kindly received, as in my state, Louisiana, it is no rarity. It is similar to a gourd vine—seeds planted annually. I cannot say positively that it is eatable while young, as I do not know of any one that has tried it. Yet, from the appearance of the squash, when it is first formed, I suspect it might be used for food—possibly a coarse article. When matured in the fall they are brownish in color, at least a foot long, very porous, hard and coarse in texture, and are used to scour tables, pails and pots, forming a very excellent substitute for a dish-rag, and proving very durable. I inclose a few seeds, which you can cultivate as a gourd vine." We will see that your seeds are duly planted, in good soil, and if they bear fruit, will surely try it on our dishes. Our thanks are due to you for your kindness in sending this information, which we hope may reach the eyes of our former questioner; who can, if desiring to know more on the subject, address a letter to A. Covington, La. It is our wish to make this a Mutual Information department, and we are always open to suggestions and information from any quarter.

NIX (Vineland, N. J.) writes: "You will greatly oblige a constant reader of the Post by answering the following questions: 1st, Where can I obtain a Natural History? 2d, Also a work on Ship Building? 3d. What do the owners of sail boats charge a day for taking out small parties? 4th. And does it pay?" You can obtain the books wanted at any book store. Address any of the book dealers in Philadelphia, tell them the extent of your knowledge of the subjects, and what particular points you wish to study, and they will be able to supply you with the required works. There is no fixed or legal rate for the hiring of sail boats. Each party charges what he thinks proper, and doubtless thinks proper to charge enough to make it pay.

R. C. F. (Wilkesbarre, Pa.) says: "Being a constant reader of your highly entertaining paper, permit me to solicit a receipt how to make good Cronk Beer. Also to make what is called in England Pop, or Ginger Pop, or Ginger Beer." You can make an excellent Ginger Beer by using the following receipt: Take of lump sugar 1 lb., bruised ginger ½ to 1 oz., cream of tartar ½ oz., one lemon, sliced. Pour on them one gallon of boiling water. Cover and macerate until the water is lukewarm. Then strain, add 2 oz. of yeast, and allow it to work from two to four days, according to the weather. Strain through clean flannel, bottle, and wire the corks. We do not know the *modus operandi* of making "Cronk" Beer.

L. L. I. (Wyoming) writes: "Can you tell me how and when to get the balsam from the Balsam Fir trees? Are trees from eight to twelve inches in diameter large enough to yield any balsam? I have been told that it was obtained by boiling the limbs, or from blisters rising on the bark, but the first, I should suppose, would spoil the looks of the tree, and there never are any blisters on ours. Will you please tell me how many engravings it will take to make a nice book? I have been thinking of saving the engravings from my magazines and having them bound. I was married in 1865 to a man that I found to be a rascal. He not only married me under an assumed name, but proved to be married besides. He plead guilty of bigamy, and at his trial the Judge decided that I was to return to my maiden name, and call my child by it. Now, which would be the most proper or suitable, Mrs. or Miss, for my address? I have had the question asked me several times. My friends and acquaintances generally call me Mrs., and then ask if they are right or wrong." The gum of the Balsam Fir collects in vesicles, which form on the trunk and branches. It is obtained by breaking these vesicles or blisters, and receiving their contents in a bottle. The process of gathering is very slow, as only a few drops exude at a time. Your trees must certainly be large enough, but perhaps they are not the true species. As to the number of engravings necessary to make a nice book, that is an greatly a matter of taste that we are unable to answer. We should think fifty to a hundred sufficient. Yours is a peculiar case, but, considering all the facts, we think that but one decision can be made. So far as your friends and acquaintances are concerned, it is immaterial what title they give. But to new acquaintances, not cognizant of the facts, the employment of the title Miss would seem exceedingly out of harmony with the motherhood of a child. The adoption of the title Mrs. would save you from many unpleasant explanations, or from disagreeable misapprehensions. And it seems to us that you have the same right to the title that a divorced woman has. The latter resumes her maiden name, with the title Mrs. added to it—as in Mrs. Kemble's case.

In hastily answering a question a few weeks ago in regard to the heirship of the English throne, in case of the death of the Prince of Wales, we neglected to consider the case of the Prince of Wales having children. In such a case the second brother could not succeed while any direct male descendant of the Prince lived. We failed to perceive this omission until after the publication of the question and answer, and now make amends. Two friends, M. M. and G. E. are kind enough to advise us of this partial answer, and we adopt their suggestion of supplying the omission.

J. L. S. (Pottersville, Tenn.,) says: "You will confer a favor by answering a few questions for me. 1st. What is Josh Billing's real name? 2d. Which is the highest mountain in the world, and how high is it? I hope you will forgive me for asking what I ought to know myself but do not." Josh Billings is the pen-name for A. W. Shaw. The highest mountain in the world is Mount Everest in the Himalaya range. It is 29,000 feet high above the sea level.

RESPECTFULLY DECLINED. Poems by "ANNA AYR," "Emma," and "J. T.," Central Bridge.

[Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.]

RIDDLER.

Charades, Riddles, Problems, etc., must always be accompanied by their answers, or they will not be published.

All who take an interest in this column are respectfully invited to contribute.

BURIED CITIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1. To the brightness of tin Diana polished her bow.
2. As I crossed the street I met Zenobia Smith.
3. King Alfred in burgher clothes burnt the cakes.
4. I never sail lest I should be upset.
5. The ravings of the mob I leave to your imagination.
6. Prince Gigleo left his love and Bulbo's to Nelly Bly.
7. With the Pope, King Victor Emmanuel is not on friendly terms.
8. Lo! did you see the moon.

Boston, Mass.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

To what a lover desires to hear his mistress say—add half an oyster and twenty-four hours; and you will have something which is always behind you.

Ft. Snelling, Minn. GAHMEW.

POETICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in start, but not in go,
My 2d is in fast, but not in slow;
My 3d is in love, but not in hate,
My 4th is in post, but not in mate;
My 5th is in sun, but not in moon,
My 6th is in knife, but not in spoon;
My 7th is in sorrow, but not in pity,
My whole is a great Western city.

W. A. S.

WORD SQUARE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Pain.
A steep, rugged rock.
To suspend.
Spheroidal bodies.

S. E. SMITH.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a cone 10 feet in diameter, and the square of its height 2475 feet, around which a rope, fastened at its vertex, winds to its base descending 5 feet at each spiral revolution. What is the length of the rope?

N. B. I mean for the coils to be 5 feet apart.

J. J. HANDON.

Laurel Hill, N. C.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What is the difference between a sofa and its fair occupants? About the difference between an Ottoman and a knot-a-woman.

☞ Why is dressing a fatiguing process? Because it's a-tiring (attiring) yourself. Strange that this thought so seldom occurs to the ladies.

☞ Is a lamp at any time in a bad temper? Yes, when it is put out.

☞ What is the difference between the hurried reading of a fast young lady of the period and the painstaking reading of a blue-stocking? The one reads for pastime and the other for the future.

ANSWERS TO LAST.

CHARADE—Bow-string.
WORD SQUARES—

I.
O A K
A P E
K E N

II.
O P E
P E N
E N D

ENIGMA—The Natural Bridge.

RECEIPTS.

TO STEW A BREAST OF LAMB.—Cut it into pieces, season them with pepper and salt, and stew them in weak gravy; when tender, thicken the sauce, and add a glass of white wine. Cucumbers, sliced and stewed in gravy, may be served with the lamb, the same being poured over it. Or, the lamb may be served in a dish of stewed mushrooms.

TO BOIL A NECK OR BREAST OF LAMB.—These are small delicate joints, and therefore suited only for a very small family. The neck must be washed in warm water, and all the blood carefully cleaned away. Either of these joints should be put into cold water, well skimmed, and very gently boiled till done. Half an hour will be about sufficient for either of them, reckoning from the time they come to a boil.

MINT SAUCE.—This sauce is seldom used but with roast lamb; to prepare it, pick, wash, and chop fine some green spearmint; to two tablespoonfuls of the minced leaves, put eight of vinegar, adding a little brown sugar; serve cold in a sauce tureen.

SPONGE BISCUITS.—Beat the yolks of twelve eggs for half an hour, and beat in one and a half pounds of sugar, very finely sifted. Beat it well until it rises in bubbles. Beat the whites to a strong froth; continue to beat them, adding them to the yolks and sugar, and add, by degrees, fourteen ounces of flour; grate in the rinds of two lemons; put them in long, tin moulds, buttered, and bake them. Just before putting them into the over, dust sugar over them. They will require a moderately hot oven, and will take half an hour to bake.

PICKLED SALMON.—Take away the bone from your fish, and divide it, if you have sufficient, into handsome pieces. Take equal quantities of the liquor in which the fish was boiled and good vinegar, sprinkle each piece of fish with a little salt, and a very little pepper, throw in a few black pepper-corns, and a little whole allspice, if you like it; let the salmon be quite immersed in the liquor, and put it in an earthenware pan, and set the pan (covered) in the oven till the ingredients are quite hot. Or else, boil the liquor and vinegar with the spice, etc., for ten minutes, and when cold, pour it over your salmon. In twelve hours it will be quite ready to bring to table.

CURING BEE STINGS.—I have kept bees for 30 years. At first I dreaded the sting of a bee on account of pain and swelling. I tried all remedies, and they failed to cure; but for 10 years past I have used this: I take dry saleratus or soda, moisten the skin, and apply the soda; it is a complete cure on me.—D. PORTER, *Pompey, N. Y.*